Ethiopian News — By [illegible] SELDES

MAY 19, 1936 15c

New Masses

Bernarr Macfadden:

From Pornography to Politics

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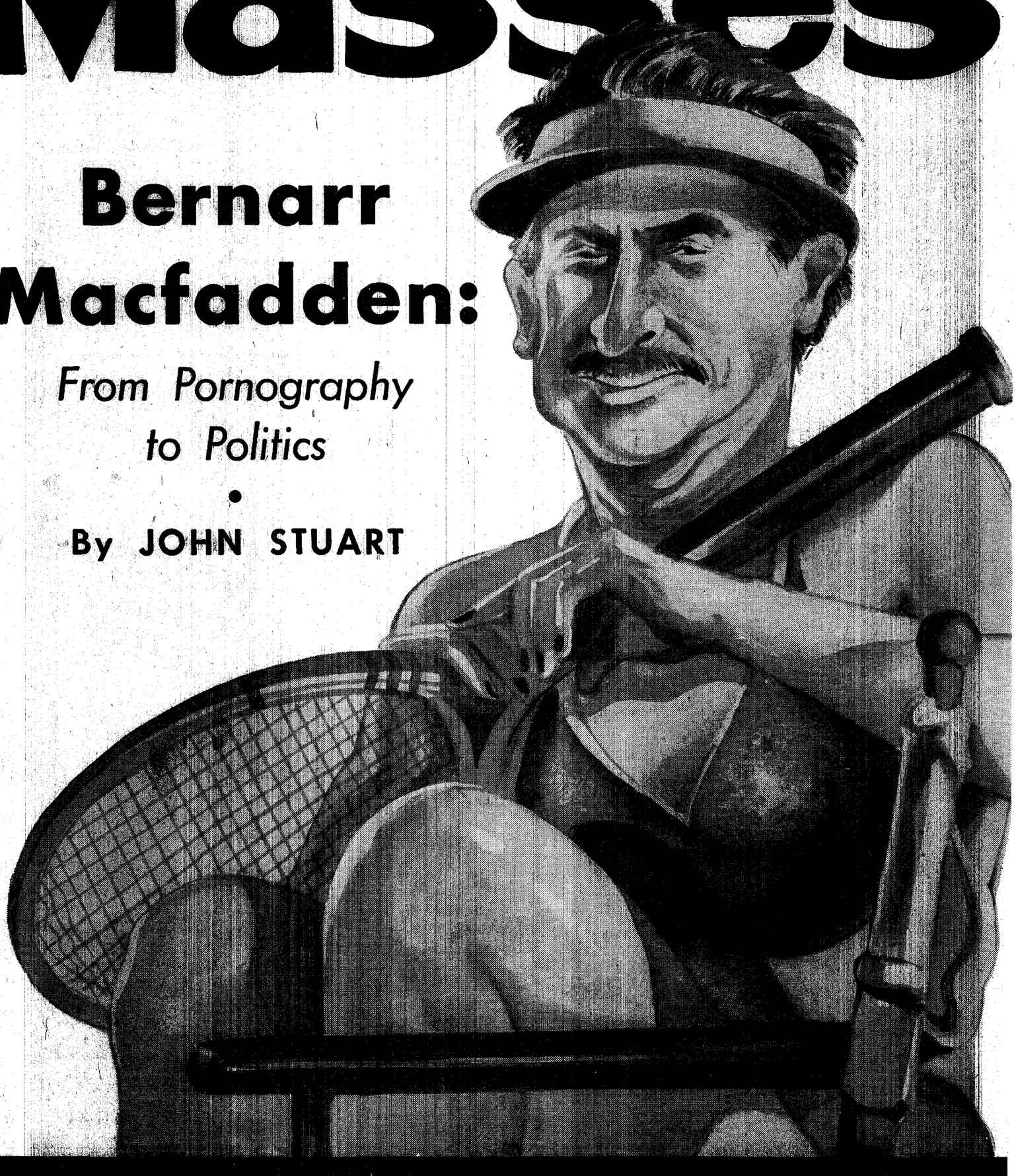
By JOHN STUART



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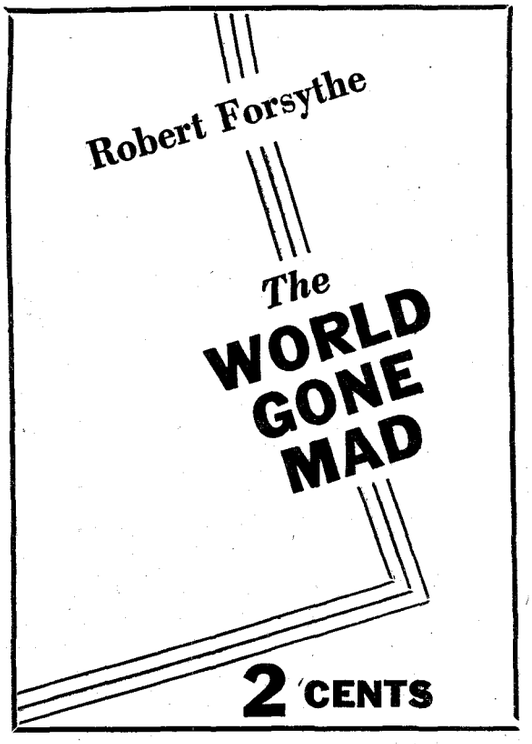

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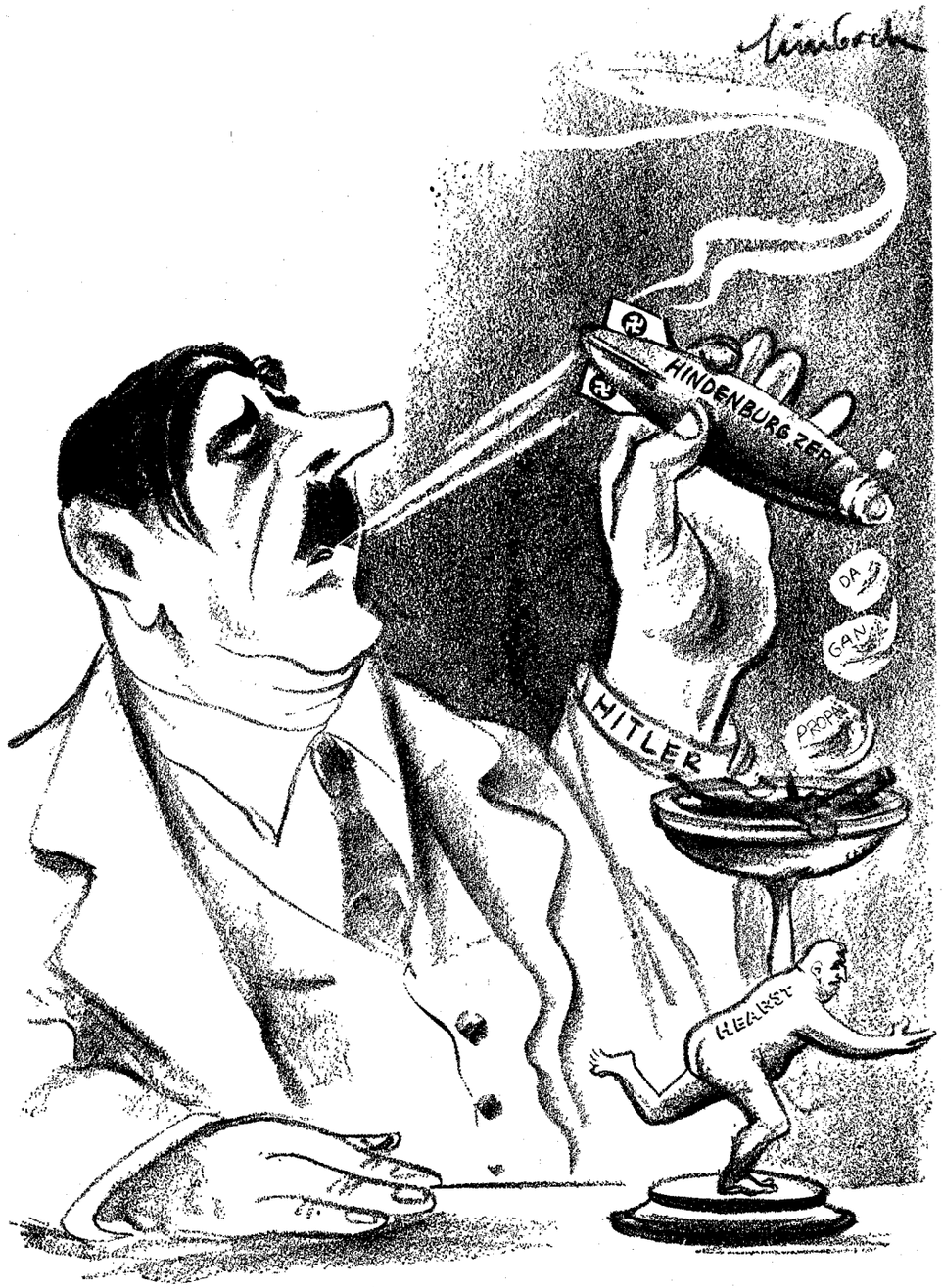

Sustain Ethiopia

MUSSOLINI has proclaimed the annexation of Ethiopia to Italy; Rome is once more to be the capital of an empire. It remains to be seen, however, whether this ruthless conquest will be recognized by the civilized countries of the world.

The ninety-second Council of the League of Nations will postpone action on the Ethiopian problem until June, according to Geneva dispatches. Meantime such sanctions as exist against Italy are to continue. Great Britain, for whom the conquest of Ethiopia has been a severe blow, favors postponement—which probably means that action in this matter will be left to the individual powers. Under the parliamentary red-tape which envelops the League, the Council can take no steps in regard to sanctions, since these were imposed by the Coordination Committee, which does not meet again until September. Fascist Italy counts on the sanctions being allowed to die off quietly.

Nazi Germany looks upon the conquest of Ethiopia as the death-blow to the idea of collective security. So does Japan. The reaction of the advanced countries to Mussolini's victory now involves the question of world peace. To recognize the annexation of Ethiopia and a fascist "empire" is to recognize military aggression and conquest in its most shameless, most cynical form. Encouraged by the Ethiopian fiasco of the League, the fascists of Germany and Japan have become more open than ever in their preparations for war against the Soviet Union. Approval of Mussolini's conquest means approval of war.

From the beginning of the East African invasion, Americans opposed to war and fascism have urged the State Department and the White House to act decisively against fascist aggression by invoking the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the Johnson Act. Last October the American League Against War and Fascism, representing today 3,000,000 men and women, urged that Ethiopian independence be maintained, and that the United States oppose any settlement infringing upon the economic independence of Ethiopia.

Now that Italian troops have occupied Addis Ababa and Victor Emanuel calls himself "emperor," the League urges that if a fascist state is established in Ethiopia it should not be recognized by the United States. This campaign deserves the support of every progressive American. Our own interests require that aggressive military assaults upon the peace of the world be discouraged in every possible way.

Vigilance in France

FRANCE has given a decisive answer to those who were skeptical about the People's Front. Gloomy prophets among the Old Guard Socialists said that such a united front could not work; it would weaken the fight against fascism; if it advanced at all it would be at the expense of the Socialists; a united front with the Communists would antagonize the middle class. These prophesies have been refuted by events. The People's Front has scored a smashing victory at the elections, and Léon Blum, Socialist leader, preludes his assumption of the premiership with a declaration of irreconcilable struggle against fascism.

In carrying out the program of the People's Front, the new government will have the support of the Communists. These, however, propose that the struggle against fascism be carried on

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not only at the top but also in the cities and villages of France. They have suggested People's Front committees throughout France to meet the fascist attack at every point. Such committees would strengthen the government immeasurably in dealing with the reaction in high places.

In his May 11 cable from Paris, our correspondent Raoul Damiens remarks that the reactionaries are attempting to retaliate through financial maneuvers:

"Last week a heavy attack by speculators was accompanied by declines in bank-shares, dividends and the flight of capital from the country. The aim of the reactionaries behind the scenes was twofold: first, to misrepresent the People's Front as a danger to the public credit and secondly, to profiteer on the devalued currency. Throughout this campaign the Communists pointed out that devaluations were merely another form of deflation and as such a direct injury against the wage-earners. Consequently the eyes of the country turned upon the next premier of the People's Front, Léon Blum.

"On Friday, Blum and Daladier conferred with Sarraut and urged that drastic steps be taken to stem the incipient panic. And yesterday at the National Council of the Socialist Party Blum took a firm stand on the integrity of the franc. The Council voted that the Socialists assume power, even if they will have to do so alone. Blum pleaded for the collaboration of the Communists. While offering fullest support to the People's Front cabinet, the Communists express their determination to remain outside of the government, otherwise 'We render a disservice to the People's Front by furnishing the reactionaries with a pretext for violent campaigns and we might cause the masses to relax their vigilance.'"

Farm Aid and Inflation

FOR two years, the reactionary forces now rallying to the Liberty League have managed to block action on the Frazier-Lemke bill. Aid to farmers in meeting mortgage indebtedness has been impeded by bankers and corporations who would rather squeeze the small farmer from his land than take a reduction in interest rates. The Frazier-Lemke bill now before Congress proposes to refinance farm mortgages at the minimum rate of 1½ percent interest and 1½ percent principle —rates that farm leaders estimate would reduce the yearly tribute to bankers by more than one-half. Under the present Land Bank Act, the farmer pays an average of 5 to 5½ percent on loans.

Fundamentally, the only way to relieve the farmer of the crushing mortgage burden is to cancel them. What the Frazier-Lemke Bill does is to offer immediate relief on a partial basis and this aspect of it deserves support. At the same time, the bill is open to serious criticism in its present form. It would raise the refinancing fund by the issuance of paper currency, which accounts for the support of the arch-reactionary Father Coughlin. Such inflation may reduce fixed debts, but in the end it runs counter to the farmers' interests. Inflation means precipitous rise in prices which, with lagging wages, means the serious reduction of the purchasing power of workers and city consumers. This in turn reduces the farmers' incomes.

Militant farm organizations have demanded that the Frazier-Lemke Bill be altered to eliminate this inflationary provision. They have pointed out that the fund can be raised through taxation of high incomes, corporate surpluses, gifts and inheritances. With such an amendment, the Frazier-Lemke Bill would be a step toward allieviating the suffering and the pauperization of the great mass of American farmers.

Marcantonio Bill

THE drive to turn the whole question of relief over to the states and municipalities, the first step in the general program to curtail W.P.A. and leave the unemployed to starve, has been met by vigorous demonstrations in six states and by protests throughout the country. The Workers' Alliance which unites all organized unemployment groups, has led the fight.

Organized labor forced the inclusion of the Prevailing Wage Amendment to the Relief Appropriations Bill now before the House. This bill, however, will throw at least 700,000 workers back on the dole. Led by Congressman Marcantonio, the struggle is on to include an additional two billion dollars to the appropriation to take care of those workers that the administration plans to drop. But the real demands of the unemployed and W.P.A. workers are contained in the Marcantonio Relief Projects Standards Bill also before Congress. This bill provides that the federal government:

> Appropriate and continue to appropriate funds for the purpose of creating employment for the unemployed and where such employment cannot be provided, direct cash relief sufficient to provide to every human being the minimum necessary to maintain life in health and decency.

Last year the cost of caring for twelve million unemployed amounted to $4,800,000,000. For the same number, the present administration proposes to appropriate $1,425,000,000. The Marcantonio Bill would raise this amount to six billion dollars.

Women Trade Unionists

AT THE twelfth annual convention of the Women's Trade Union League which met in Washington last week, the rank and file of women workers adopted a thoroughly progressive program. It indicated the growing sentiment throughout the country for building the trade-union movement (and with it, the organizations of professionals, middle-class groups and farmers) on the same solid basis as that which led to the establishment of the victorious People's Fronts in France and Spain.

Mrs. Roosevelt and Frances Perkins, supplementary members of the League, were among those who pleaded for support of Roosevelt in the coming elections. Nevertheless, the convention went on record for independent political action. It said that it would endorse the Farmer-Labor Party if and when it is endorsed by the A.F. of L. The women trade-unionists followed this with a series of resolutions which would logically fit into a Farmer-Labor Party platform. The convention endorsed the Marcantonio Relief Projects Bill, called for the 30-hour week, voted support of the Vermont Marble strike and advocated industrial unionism. It called for the organization of Negro women on a basis of equal rights with white women and the elimination of race discrimination. It condemned the Hearst press which the members pledged to "refuse to read"; it condemned the Tydings-McCormack bills; the teachers-oath bills. It called for the limitation of the power of the Supreme Court. And on the question of war and fascism, after specifically condemning the aggression and drive toward war by Germany, Italy and Japan, the convention demanded that our present huge war appropriations be used for unemployment relief.

Such a program realistically calls for

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immediate action against encroaching fascism and the danger of war. It is planned action by rank-and-file women organized in trade unions, who by their demands and their support of independent political action show their willingness to become powerful forces in the Building of America's People's Front.

Arthur and Elise Ewert

ENCOURAGED by the Vargas regime in Brazil, the fascist party which calls itself the Integralistas is at present conducting a vicious anti-semitic campaign. This has led to bloodshed in Bello Horizonte, where the fascist Green Shirts killed two Jews. Meantime, the government itself relentlessly pursues its policy of destroying the trade unions. Recently, the Minister of Labor revoked the charter of the seamen's union whose offices were at once closed by the police. A presidential decree now compels all unions to furnish the police with lists of their members, active and inactive. Under the pretext of ferreting out radicals, the police find it only too easy to hound all trade unionists and to break up their organizations.

The jails of Brazil are full of political prisoners, many of them among the country's leading intellectuals. Senator Abel Chermont was arrested in violation of his parliamentary immunity for the crime of protesting against the brutality with which police have treated political prisoners, including citizens of countries other than Brazil. He interested himself in the case of Victor Barron, the young American murdered by the Rio de Janeiro police; also in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ewert, German anti-Nazis living in Brazil.

Arthur Ewert was well-known in Germany; he was a Communist deputy in the Reichstag; Elise Ewert was respected in literary circles as critic and translator. Deeply interested in American literature, she brought young left-wing writers of our country to the attention of German readers, translated the verses of our poets. During the last stages of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, she threw herself heart and soul into the campaign on their behalf initiated throughout Germany by various labor and liberal organizations.

She could not have dreamed then that one day she would be a victim of the Vargas regime in Brazil; that her husband would have his ribs broken by the same police which had murdered Victor Barron; that she herself would be stripped, tortured with live electric wires, beaten into insensibility and subjected to the vilest indignities.

Arthur and Elise Ewert lie in a filthy jail in Rio, facing deportation to Nazi Germany where their lives would not be worth a Hitler mark. They should be allowed to choose some other country for deportation, some place where they would be safe from fascist vengeance. And this choice would be theirs if progressives in the United States demanded it of the Vargas government at Rio de Janeiro. This is the hope of Arthur and Elise Ewert in their Brazilian dungeon. They have a right to expect that much from us.

Toward the F. L. P.

THE State Central Committee of Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party has issued a call for a national conference to be held in Chicago May 30-31. The three major aims will be to promote local and state Farmer-Labor Parties; to further as a national force the election of local, state and congressional candidates; to unify labor, farmer and progressive groups for the building of a national Farmer-Labor Party this year.

This clear-cut step comes at a significant moment in the presidential campaign. The Landon boom met its first serious reverse in the California primaries. There the Landon delegates to the Republican national convention were beaten by Herbert Hoover's slate. Landon's managers have hailed this as a happy omen; they pretend to feel relieved. At last, they say, the electorate will see that Landon is not Hearst's man; California has repudiated Hearst but backed a slate which will support Landon.

But the Hearst papers are still ballyhooing Landon. The Kansas governor continues to be the leading candidate for the Republican nomination, and Hearst continues to be one of his chief supporters and a power in the Republican Party. The American Liberty League, which organizes and finances fascist and semi-fascist groups, also works primarily through the Republican Party, which thereby becomes the outstanding political organ of reaction.

From these facts some labor leaders and progressives have concluded that Roosevelt will lead the struggle against the reaction. Nothing could be more erroneous. The President's entire record belies this illusion. He has slashed relief; his enormous war budget has won the praise of Hearst himself; he has not lifted a finger to modify the autocratic powers which the Supreme Court has arrogated to itself. Roosevelt's record is one of continual capitu-

New Masses

VOL. XIX, No. 8 CONTENTS MAY 19, 1936

Editorial Comment 3
The Baby Drought..... 6
Tories and Taxes..... 7
Bernarr Macfadden: From Pornography to Politics — John Stuart 8
Labor Spies and Killers — Francis J. Gorman 11
Faking Ethiopian News....George Seldes 13
The Definition of Song — Genevieve Taggard 14
A Disaster and a Triumph..John Strachey 15
Four Lithographs.....Adolf Dehn 16
The Ship.....Maria-Teresa Leon 18
Stupefy and Conquer.....Michael Pell 19
I have Forgotten Beauty...Mollie Prager 21
Our Readers' Forum..... 22
Review and Comment
Class Honors.....Isidor Schneider 23
American Song, Revised — Ruth Lechlitner 23
The New Deal Takes Stock — Horace B. Davis 25
Autopsy of Liberalism — Edwin B. Burgum 26
Soviet Medicine....W. Horsley Gantt 27
Art: Artist's Union Convention — Russell T. Limbach 28
Dance Congress and Festival — Stanley Burnshaw 29
Current Films.....Peter Ellis 30
Between Ourselves 30
Drawings by: William Gropper, Scott Johnston, Russell T. Limbach.

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lation to the reaction; when the tories press him, he gives in.

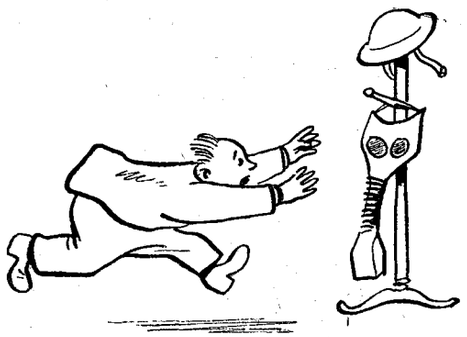
In spite of Roosevelt's retreats, the majority of labor and liberal support which he has already received means that there is little hope for a Farmer-Labor *presidential ticket* in 1936. The most ardent of those who favor independent farmer-labor action have admitted as much.

A presidential ticket in this year's campaign would have served as the main rallying point for all of the progressive forces in the country. In its absence, a national Farmer-Labor Party becomes all the more necessary. Even those workers and liberals who support Roosevelt will find it to their interest to build a powerful People's Front against the Hearst-Liberty-League-Wall-Street gang which propagates fascist ideas. The election of local, state and congressional candidates on a Farmer-Labor ticket would at once serve as a check on reaction and a check on Roosevelt's tendency to respond to pressure from the Right. Only a strong Farmer-Labor bloc in Congress and in state offices can guarantee to the majority of people that their needs will be voiced and their interests defended. The Chicago conference called by the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party offers an opportunity to all progressive forces to work fruitfully and wisely in that direction.

A national Farmer-Labor Party is urgently needed this year not only to unite the various local and state Farmer-Labor movements and to organize an effective campaign for the election of local, state and congressional candidates, but also to continue the fight against reaction after the elections are over.

The Baby Drought

AFTER six years of drought and depression the farmers face drought once again this year. Present reports indicate that the drought is "general" and "countrywide." However, the Dust Bowl area in the Southwest has been hardest hit; its scanty reserves of moisture have already been exhausted. This is the same area which has been swept by dust storms through the year.



FELLERS! GRAB YOUR GAS MASKS AND HELMETS —

The government now estimates the winter wheat crop at 493 million bushels —125 million bushels below the 1928-32 average. The Wall Street Journal (April 20) claims, however, that the government's estimate is too high and sets the present prospect at "481,000,000 bushels with every sign pointing to further deterioration unless adequate moisture comes before May 1."

The government's estimates are notoriously optimistic. Last year it put the spring wheat crop at 273 million bushels, though the crop came to only 170 million bushels and most of these were of light weight owing to rust. Using its fake forecasts to show that the drought had been broken, the government then adopted a stringent policy of cutting relief to farm families, including farm workers and of cutting down on government loans.

Small farmers are sorely in need of a cash income. The old A.A.A. afforded them a slight measure of crop of insurance. Under the new act, these inadequate payments will be reduced instead of being increased. Total payments under the new A.A.A. are to be reduced by one-third as compared with 1934.

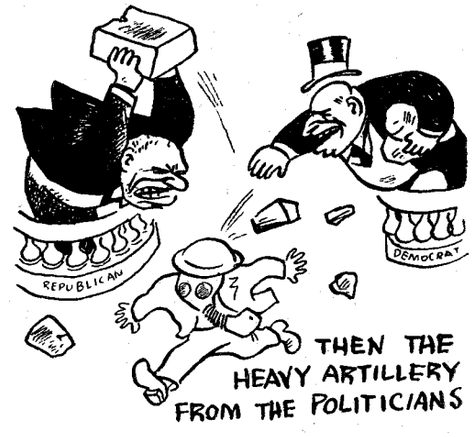
THE FIRST ATTACK WILL BE TEAR GAS FROM THE BRAIN TRUSTS

Moreover, the new act and the regulations issued by the A.A.A. have become increasingly vague; as a result, the power of the county agents and county committeemen, sympathetic to the big farmers, has been strengthened. Unless the small farmers wage successful fights through their organizations, the huge payments to the large farmers will continue or even increase, while the tiny crop-insurance to the small farmers will be sharply cut.

Processors and middlemen continue to take a larger share of the consumers' dollar. Government figures show that the farmers' share of the consumers' dollar spent for bread and flour has been cut in half during the last sixteen years.

While buying from the farmers at depression prices, the food processors have maintained their high prices to city workers. The profits of General Mills, Inc., furnish an interesting example of what has been happening. General Mills constitutes the largest flour milling company in the world. Despite depression, drought and unemployment, its net working capital has doubled since 1928. In 1929 it reported net profits of $4,154,187. Its profits continued at this level throughout the depression. Last year the value of the wheat crop was 41 percent below the 1929 level, but General Mills reported net profits of $4,075,251, without counting the huge sum of processing taxes refunded to it.

The baking trust has also maintained



THEN THE HEAVY ARTILLERY FROM THE POLITICIANS

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its profits. The Senate Committee on Agriculture reported in 1931:

> The baking industry is dominated by a few extremely large corporations. The profits made by these corporations have been excessive and have been capitalized and recapitalized until, in at least two instances, the result is a grossly inflated volume of securities.

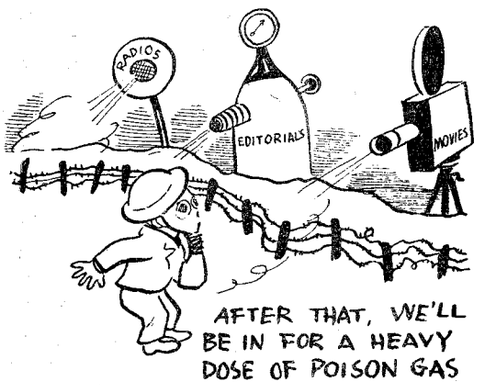
For last year, the Ward Baking Co. reports an increase in profits of 73 percent; the General Baking Co. shows a gain of 11 percent; and the American Bakeries report a rise of 61 percent.

Neither city workers nor farmers have shared in recent profit gains. Unemployment has not been cut. The profits of high food prices have been pocketed by middlemen and processors.

The New Deal has done nothing to narrow the widening profit-margins of the processors and middlemen. In testifying before a House Subcommittee, Chester Davis, Acting Administrator of the A.A.A., said of the farm problem:

> Distribution is the big problem, and as I said, I do not know the answer; but as long as 65 percent of the consumers' dollar goes into distribution of various sorts, then there is a big angle that needs to be considered, and, as I say again, I do not know the answer.

The answer is clear. The farmers and the city workers must work together and reduce the profit-margins of the middlemen and processors; in this way, the farmers can get higher prices and the city workers can have lower prices.



Despite the present drought and the short wheat crops in the past years, the new A.A.A. continues to cry that the wheat crop will be too large and that low prices are "inevitable." Reduction has not restored prosperity for the wheat farmers or other farmers, except the big fellows who were given the large benefit payments.

Tories and Taxes

THE administration's tax bill is having difficulties in the current hearing before the Senate Finance Committee. Pressure is being brought by banking and industrial interests to change the bill so that the principle of taxing undistributed corporate income (piled-up reserves) will be eliminated. The reactionary attack has been so strong that the bill will probably be changed by the Senate committee.

THE NEW MASSES has in previous issues stated its objections to certain shortcomings in the present bill. We have pointed out that unless these loopholes were closed, the results would not be of much benefit to the poor people of this country. But we have supported the principle, even in the weak form introduced by the Roosevelt administration, of taxing the undivided surpluses of the corporations. This would be a small step in the direction of shifting the present heavy burden of

taxation to the backs of those best able to carry it.

It is interesting to note that the economists and newspapers who attack the bill have suddenly become the champions of the small businessman against his enemy, the monopoly trust. They make the point that the present tax bill favors the big corporation at the expense of the small one. Senator Byrd of Virginia, for example, showed that such big companies as American Telephone and Telegraph, National Biscuit, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco, International Harvester, to name only a few, would under the new scheme not pay a penny in taxes if they distributed their entire income as they did in 1934.

This, of course, is true. It was this very weakness that the Communist spokesman before the tax hearings criticized last month. But there is an easy way of avoiding this difficulty and of really making the big corporations pay. Congress can amend the current tax bill to keep the present corporate income tax in addition to levying the proposed taxes on undistributed earnings. In this way the big corporations could not avoid tax payments by distributing their entire earnings.

The reactionaries, however, have quite another thing in mind when they weep over the fate of the small businessman. They are in actuality determined that the principle of taxing corporate surpluses shall not be established. They are afraid that if the present tax bill is passed, it will be the first step towards taxing the surpluses which the corporations have piled up in the past and which experts estimate to total approximately $45,000,000,000.

In other words, they are afraid that the bill might be a step in the direction of more progressive taxation. They shiver at the prospect of higher taxes on the incomes of the rich, the elimination of tax dodges such as tax-exempt securities and the tightening of the whole tax structure which is so full of holes today that the rich pay but a fraction of what they normally should.

Behind this campaign is the determination of the banks and monopolies to kill the growing sentiment in the country that the rich should pay the costs of the crisis. Their current maneuvers have as their ultimate aim a national sales tax and income taxes on people who average less than $1,000 a year. This explains why they advocate a slightly higher corporate tax instead of the tax on surplus funds, since they can always find ways of doctoring their tax statements under the present rules.

The progressive people of this country should take up their point of raising the tax rate on corporate income above $5,000. But this should be coupled with the present tax bill to hit at the undistributed income of the corporations. In addition there should be provisions for taxing the surplus funds accumulated by the corporations in the past and there should be taxes on all income from securities which are now exempt. The whole structure must be tightened so that the Morgans, du Ponts and Mellons cannot avoid tax payments through tricky manipulations.

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Bernarr Macfadden

From Pornography to Politics

JOHN STUART

BERNARR MACFADDEN is distinguished for making America muscle-conscious. His methods for developing the bulging biceps have made him a millionaire. During many of his sixty-seven years he has fasted on Mondays and walked daily the twenty-seven miles from home to office. In his crusade for "physcultopathic" health he has written an encyclopedia prescribing varieties of diets and knee-bending exercises as cures for diseases ranging from earache to syphilis. In one of his creative moments Macfadden discovered the trick for determining the sex of your next offspring, thereby giving the world's geneticists the greatest belly laugh in years. When the business of making every male in America an expert weight lifter waned, Macfadden began publishing the heart-rending confessions of unhappy stenographers and frustrated barbers. In 1924, five years after he gave America True Story magazine, he put out The New York Evening Graphic, the greatest venture in pornography of all times. Of late Mr. Macfadden has become politically ambitious. Friends whisper that he would like to take his morning setting-up exercises on the north porch of the White House.

I am afraid that Bernarr Macfadden will die a disappointed man. Years ago he propagandized for the establishment of a Portfolio of Health in the presidential cabinet. It was a good idea and it still is. But Macfadden thought that he was the best fitted man in America to hold the secretaryship. And the idea got no further than the pages of his Physical Culture magazine.

Unfortunately, those people who have turned their noses up at such things as True Story or True Romance are not the people who regularly read Macfadden's magazines. Millions of working-class and lower middle-class citizens absorb his reactionary editorials and wallow in the politely-dressed filth of his confessionals. Macfadden primarily appeals to those whose lack of education or political understanding makes them vulnerable targets for his vicious demagoguery. Under the guise of "common sense" he plays with their deep-seated prejudices and aspirations. The fact that bourgeois life has corrupted the relationship between the sexes makes it possible for Macfadden to earn millions annually by adding to that corruption. The factory girl in search of a husband is advised what pitfalls to avoid; the perplexed housewife is told how to keep her husband; all the little domestic and love-life problems rising from a defunct society Macfadden has made peculiarly his own. He exploits the lowest in public taste. The cult of body-worship has been stretched to provide remedies for all the world's ills. Macfadden justifies his publications by saying that they accurately represent American life. And Macfadden's picture of America is portrayed by the titles of a few of the stories appearing in his twelve magazines: "I Was Ashamed of My Mother," "Week-End Madness," "My Moment of Temptation," "Park Avenue Siren," "Not Made to Be a Wife," "My Road of Shame."

THE origins of Bernarr Macfadden (né Bernard Mcfadden) are humble. In almost every detail his career conforms to the classical American pattern of the young man's rise from the log cabin to either the presidency or the baronial mansion. He hails from the Missouri of 1868. His father was a drunkard, a fact which is responsible for Macfadden's hatred of liquor. After his mother succumbed to tuberculosis, Bernarr was taken in by an uncle who owned a hotel. As a child, Macfadden survived a half-dozen diseases and a scalding in a tub of boiling water. Later he was to suffer blood poisoning from vaccination. Many of Macfadden's fantastic ideas on correct living are traceable to a lonely, sick adolescence.

His education, little as there was of it, was not of the best. Work on a farm strengthened him until his cheeks glowed with health. After a day of chores, Bernarr read the currently popular romances that were thoroughly perfumed with the scent of sweetness and light. In time he found himself consecutively employed at a dozen different jobs. And then a racking cough overtook him. It was quietly said that Bernarr's days were numbered. But Bernarr knew better. He joined a gymnasium and climbed back to health with a set of dumb-bells. From the moment he appeared in trunks and sweat shirt the world was doomed to years of Macfadden pseudo-science.

Macfadden's advancement as a gymnast amazed his instructors. They must have thought him slightly unhinged in the cranial region as he went about tackling the parallel bars or the trapeze with demoniac enthusiasm. When it was physically impossible to carry himself across the gymnasium floor, Macfadden devoted himself to studying the theoretical aspects of muscle stretching. William Blaikie's *How To Get Strong and How To Stay So* made a tremendous impression on the young student. Blaikie provided him with the dubious scientific equipment which later, it seems, qualified Macfadden to call himself the father of physical culture. Of course, Bernarr has credited the Greeks for contributing a few ideas on how to keep the body beautiful. And while it has profited him to keep a few illusions alive, Macfadden is neither the father nor the founder of physical culture in this country. The Dutch Colonists in New York were physical-culture fans long before Bernarr arrived. As for actual systems of physical training, Dr. Dio Lewis spent many years of his life before and after the Civil War quietly developing gymnastics for improving the health of Americans.

Macfadden engaged in wrestling bouts whenever his job as a laundryman permitted. He also opened a school and the whole of St. Louis passed by his door wondering what the word "Kinistherapist" on his shingle meant. Bernarr was beginning to create the first of his spectacular labels to bring in the trade. But soon Macfadden closed his school. The beer-drinking Germans of St. Louis had other ideas about how to spend their time after a day of labor.

And then Bernarr wanted to have his name on the title page of a book. In the back of his mind a novel was brewing. *The Athlete's Conquest* was to bring before America the profound thoughts of one Bernarr Macfadden on the important problems of health and life. The novel's hero was to be a child of the gymnasium, a boy who fought from weakness to strength to success. In fact it was to be a fictional autobiography. With his ideas clearly in mind and his imagination working on all cylinders, Bernarr set to work. But he was slightly handicapped. He knew practically nothing about grammar and punctuation and his spelling was atrocious. But a mind determined, particularly a mind toughened by ambition, could dissolve even such hindrances. He spent a year in quiet study and contemplation as a physical-training instructor in a small school. After submitting the manuscript to a publisher, Macfadden visited him for the reader's decision. The book was rejected. It seems that it lacked a plot and that his expression was as "crude as crude oil." Macfadden offered to pay for his debut in American literature. But the publisher, a sensible person, refused to be bribed. Later the book appeared, after considerable sandpapering, in Macfadden's Physical Culture magazine.

Strangely enough Macfadden didn't hanker for a chance in New York. He had spent a season at the Chicago World Fair as demonstrator for an exercising machine. And when it was all over he turned his eyes to Boston. Macfadden yearned for membership in the intellectual sanctums of the city. William Dean Howells was holding forth

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there as America's number one literary man. Certainly there was room for the author of *The Athlete's Conquest*. But Macfadden accidentally stopped for a few hours in New York, breathing deeply of its sights and sounds and there awoke in him the old conquering spirit. This town must be his. And the Cabots and Lowells were once again saved!

I HAVE stressed Macfadden's early career because it decisively proves that he had no training or education in science and medicine. Nor did he in his later years acquire this equipment. He is, in simple language, an outrageously ignorant man when it comes to biology or physiology. Furthermore, he has no particular love for science because men in the laboratories have frequently torn to pieces his empirical formulas for health and body building. His rise as a physical culturist can be accounted for by the fact that working people could not afford expert medical advice. For fifteen cents an overworked and underpaid wage slave could find assorted remedies and treatments for his ills. If you had eye trouble or an intestinal disease Macfadden could furnish a cheap cure. It was only natural that the circulation of Macfadden's health literature would increase by leaps and bounds. Undoubtedly much of Macfadden's success is due to the same medical profession which has so persistently fought him. The profession has called him names within the confines of its professional literature. If physicians had exposed Macfadden by taking their analyses of his methods directly to the people who read Physical Culture, Macfadden's story would have been considerably different. Instead the medical profession attacked him because essentially he was cutting in on their business. And, after all, the American Medical Association is opposed to socialized medicine which would have made Macfadden and many like him an impossibility.

How much faith Macfadden has in his own health principles is worth analysis. I am reasonably assuming that if a man advocates a course of procedure to cure or alleviate certain ailments, he will fight anything which might interfere with the successful outcome of his prescribed treatment. Years ago Macfadden attacked the sale of patent medicines as unreliable and harmful curatives which defrauded the public of millions of dollars. In the place of quackery and nostrums, Macfadden offered his own health system. His principles of physical culture are based on so-called natural healing through exercise and diet. In cases of constipation he warns against "cathartics of all kinds. . . . All drugs are harmful; they lessen one's vital efficiency, they dry up the glands that furnish the digestive juices and in many ways they spell disaster to the physical organism." (*Macfadden's Encyclopedia of Health*). In the November 2, 1935, issue of Liberty, there is an advertisement for Feenamint, a cathartic. For that matter, there were five patented cathartics advertised in the October 26 and November 2 issues of the same magazine from which his readers could choose. One of these patented cathartics advertised is Sal Hepatica, which was condemned by the American Medical Association because of its capacity for damage. About alcohol Macfadden has the following to say (*Encyclopedia,* page 117):

> That alcohol in its various forms is one of the greatest causes of disease, we think no physician will deny and no careful observer will dispute. . . . Do not touch, taste or handle the dangerous stuff, for then, and then only, is one safe.

Two issues of Liberty carried advertisements for five brands of whiskey. Nor is Macfadden less vehement in his denunciation of tobacco. He agrees with a statement quoted in his *Encyclopedia* from another source. "I denounce it [cigarette smoking] simply because of its blighting, blasting effect on one's success in life. . . ." There is hardly an issue of Liberty placed on the stands without at least a one-page cigarette advertisement. In his treatment for colds, Macfadden nowhere advises the use of drugs or medicines. He believes in starving the cold. Liberty has carried many advertisements for cold remedies, notices for cough drops and medicines to clear stopped-up nostrils.

Macfadden believes in his principles of health building so long as they do not interfere with profits. As soon as they do, his elaborate exercises and diets are tossed into the waste basket.

MACFADDEN'S purchase of Liberty magazine in 1931 gave him the opportunity to branch out into national affairs. Liberty's circulation runs well above 2,000,000 weekly. It rivals The Saturday Evening Post in the low level of its contents (Macfadden told one of his biographers that the people aren't ready for great literature) and the reactionary tone of its editorials. The editorials are signed by Macfadden and when he does not write them they are subject to his approval. The editorials read as though Hearst, Coughlin, Easley and the American Liberty League were called in as consultants. If Macfadden is not officially connected with these tories, he has given them ample support by echoing their programs in his publications. (Liberty's editor, Fulton Oursler, is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, the male counterpart of the other organization of decayed old ladies.) For Red-baiting, for opposition to anything socially progressive and for all around viciousness, Macfadden can run rings around almost every other professional patriot in the business.

It was inevitable in Macfadden's case that preaching the big biceps would lead to the worship of strength and strong men. And naturally one of Macfadden's heroes is Mussolini. His admiration for Il Duce led him once to say that "there are times when I believe that America needs a Mussolini. . . ." In 1930, Macfadden traveled to the Venezia Palace to meet the strong man of Europe. After talking with many fascist dignitaries Macfadden brought to this country, at his own expense, forty of Mussolini's young proteges for a course in physical culture. The fascist government in appreciation later awarded Macfadden the Order of the Crown of Italy. Macfadden is also an admirer of Mussolini's tactics in suppressing liberals and radicals who under fascism are, of course, labeled outlaws and brigands. In an editorial under the head of "How the Communists Plan to Wreck the country" Macfadden recalled that

> when Mussolini took over the reins of government he determined to stamp out Sicilian brigands. He arrested all of them. He put them in lion cages similar to those we use in circus parades. And then he made a show of them in a parade through Sicily. The public was told to look upon these outlaws. Here was their last chance to see them. They were facing death sentences. This unique policy, it is said, entirely exterminated lawlessness in Sicily.

Macfadden suggests the same method to quell the "Reds" in this country. In another quiet, contemplative mood Macfadden wrote:

> "Death to the traitors" should be the slogan from now on. At any minute the nation is likely to be forced into a fight for its life. There should be no need for additional laws to protect us from such a band of wholesale murderers—the disciples of Bolshevism in its most violent form. Give the same penalty quickly administered that they have prepared for their victims.

It would seem that in preparation for this editorial Mr. Macfadden, philanthropist and humanitarian, read a few pages of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. Macfadden's humanitarianism also extends to the Soviet Union. He has frequently employed those two prominent authorities on Russian affairs, Matthew Woll and Isaac Don Levine, to write articles generating good will to 160 million people by suggesting that they be wiped from the face of the earth.

On foreign affairs Macfadden's comments are exhilarating.

> Japan has made a good start toward ruling the Far East. She has brought order out of chaos in Shanghai and Manchuria (Manchukuo). People can now live safely under civilized conditions in these countries. Wherever Japan's power is extended similar improvements are effected, and she should be applauded and commended for the progressive spirit which her officials have manifested.

It is not recorded whether Macfadden ever praised Mussolini for bringing his light and wisdom to Ethiopia.

Of course Mr. Macfadden is a peace-loving man. He believes in peace because "peace always pays larger dividends." But if the world must have war Macfadden feels that "if a man has unusual strength and vitality, with the accompanying determination and will power, a few months of training will make him an efficient soldier. A powerful handy man is hard to kill even with the most modern bullets. . . . If you can put your men out in the field with the vitality of wild-cats, they will indeed be difficult to beat." Writing about the low physical con-

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dition of men drafted into the last war Macfadden stated:

> And now there is talk of another war, what about the flower of our national manhood this time? . . . The very life of this nation is liable to be at stake in the near future, and upon the vitality of its people will depend whether or not we are to endure or to go down to enslavement.

This statement in addition to establishing the link between Macfadden's physical culture and militarism must have delighted the hearts of Hitler and Mussolini. It is strange that Macfadden neglects remarking about this country's vitality after a war. There is no record that he ever visited a veteran's hospital.

Arming "to the hilt" is another of Macfadden's high-minded principles for the preservation of peace. He apparently followed the senatorial investigation of the munitions industry and concluded that

> our legislators would like to take all the profits out of war. That is undoubtedly desirable. But our first thought should be the protection of the lives of our citizens. If our manufacture of implements of war is restricted and profits curtailed or eliminated, from what source will we obtain war materials that may be necessary to save the life of this nation?

The du Ponts and Krupps ask the same question. As for international disarmament conferences:

> If we kept our amateur diplomats at home and went our own way in accordance with the dictates of our own intelligence protecting our country by the most modern methods without consulting with other nations, we would be in a far better position. . . .

A solution for unemployment can also be found in preparedness.

> While the whole world seems to be turning toward military madness, there is general acceptance of the airplane ascendancy in warfare. But we are still plugging along. Maybe in a few years we will recognize the need of being prepared for aerial warfare, and when that happens, a few hundred thousands of our unemployed can be used to build and fly ships and prepare for our next war—which will be in the air. . . .

One of these days Macfadden will be awarded a gilded swastika for the following: "With the impending clash of arms and the hectic war preparations in every country throughout all Europe, Hitler can hardly be blamed for desiring the protection necessary to the life and liberties of his people."

On our domestic crisis Macfadden's commentaries are indeed refreshing. He at least differs with the academic opinions of all economists. "The prevailing ignorance throughout this country as to the fundamental principles of health building accounts for much of the poverty and misery which our people are enduring at this time." Can Macfadden mean that if all Americans had exercised for ten minutes each morning the depression would never have reached these shores? Perhaps he can devise a set of gymnastics to end unemployment and starvation. Taxation of big business and soaking the rich drives Macfadden into an editorial frenzy. "Can any sensible citizen find any plausible excuse for a legislative procedure that passes on prosperity to the poor by lowering the financial status of the rich?"

Macfadden coos to the workingman with a patronizing benevolence and good will to mask his semi-fascist attitude toward labor.

> There may be excuses for strikes during normal times, but when every business executive is straining to his utmost to maintain his business and pay his bills, a strike at this time only invites disaster to both workers and owners. . . . The fight labor is making at present to control business will put all super-executives out of business. . . . Labor is responsible for jobs only. It has no investment at stake; no sacrifice or thrift is involved. Consequently it can be more drastically inconsiderate. . . . A long continued fight between labor and capital means disaster for both, and there are but few exceptions. . . . Labor mustn't be given too much power. I'm recognized, of course, as one of the outstanding friends of labor.

A few years ago Macfadden threatened to move his organization out to New Jersey to escape dealing with New York unions. Because Macfadden believes that capital and labor "are working together for the good of each other," he has preached a friendly relationship between the employer and employe through mutual organization—or the company union (Macfadden Employees Association, for example).

It is quite natural that Macfadden's politics come from the same sordid greed as do his true stories and true romances. A man cannot simultaneously publish pornographic "literature" and liberal editorials. Reactionary politics is in harmony with Macfadden's Bourbon philosophy. In his editorials, as in his pseudo-scientific health propaganda, Macfadden displays astounding ignorance. And when ignorance and wealth are all a man possesses, particularly a man with an audience of more than seven millions monthly, the amount of damage that man can do is inestimable. Macfadden is competing for honors with William Randolph Hearst.

Labor Spies and Killers

FRANCIS J. GORMAN

SPYING on labor is an old game in American industry. It has been part and parcel of our industrial order since the early days of expanding capitalism and it has taken many different forms. Working-class leaders have been framed, imprisoned on obviously trumped-up charges and murdered for trade-union activity. It didn't really matter what particular industry these workers may have been in. It was their position as officers of unions or as militant rank-and-file leaders, which made them dangerous to the bosses.

I know that victims of industrial spying are thousands outside the ranks of the textile workers. The Mooney-Billings outrage, the Sacco-Vanzetti crime, the Herndon travesty of justice show us that wherever a worker rises to a position of leadership among his fellow workers he is an immediate threat to the autocratic domains of open-shop bosses. However, I would venture to state that the textile workers are among the most persistently and consistently victimized industrial groups in the country.

The lengths to which textile manufacturers—particularly in the South—will go to demoralize our union ranks know no bounds. Our local union officers are under the constant terror of frame-up, flogging and even murder. The membership is held together by a superhuman courage and trade-union integrity in the face of the ceaseless undercover activities of the company-hired thugs and private dicks.

During the general textile strike in 1934, I was scheduled for a speaking tour in the South. The splendid, militant response with which these inhumanly exploited workers greeted the strike call was a source of surprise and inspiration to the United Textile Workers. It was also a source of surprise to the manufacturers—surprise and anxiety. Nobody was prepared for the wholesale walkout of the southern textile workers. After the first shock was over, however, the ingenious and twisted brains of the bosses, with their various henchmen, the private-dick agencies and "industrial relations" counsels got to work. Something must be done to throw the fear of God into the ranks of the union members. The most obvious attack, of course, was on the leadership. If something drastic could be done to an officer of the union, perhaps the rank and file would take stock of the situation and retire from the scene of battle in fright. Hundreds of cases of persecution of local union officers followed this decision. Many of them are in jail today. Still the ranks remained solid.

Charlotte, North Carolina, was on the itinerary of the speaking tour for which I was slated. At the eleventh hour, however, events and developments in Washington kept me from making the date and the appearance was cancelled. It was a closed issue to

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me and nobody thought twice about it.

During the year that followed the termination of the strike, however, the United Textile Workers became dismayed with the viciousness of the southern boss in his dealings with the union. In Burlington, North Carolina, several of our local union members, including an officer of the Piedmont Textile Council, were framed by four imported "coal-and-iron dicks" from Pennsylvania and sentenced to varying terms in prison. The courts of North Carolina have turned deaf ears to the uncovering of new evidence which proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that these men were victims of a crude dynamiting plot. The manufacturers are all-powerful. The judiciary feels helpless in the clutches of the influence of industry and finance.

In La Grange, Georgia, the Cason Calloway interests were responsible for the crude and vicious flogging of the secretary of our local union there and though the boy identified his assailants and another member of the local union substantiated his charges, the would-be assassins have never been brought to justice. "Justice" means something other than the dictionary definition to the textile manufacturers of the South.

These are but two cases of widespread and everyday practices among the inner circles of the southern "aristocracy." Gangster methods are all in the day's work to these "gentlemen." And so in a way, I was quite prepared for the uncovering of a plot against me, the details of which were unfolded last year by a person who, for a time, was intimately involved. Nor is this case at all unique. The annals of labor history are full of similar ones. I cite it merely as a case in point and describe the details as typical of the methods by which the union-hating, open-shop employers operate.

The manufacturers and their private dicks do not leap headlong into these frame-up and murder plots. They work slowly and over a period of months. They choose their players well and they set the stage with superb efficiency. Only once in a while do they miss on a person and because they missed on a supposed "operative" these facts were exposed.

It seems that the spontaneous growth of militant trade unionism manifested by the textile workers in the strike demanded, in the eyes of some of the southern bosses, action of a dramatic and drastic nature. Working through one of their notorious henchmen in the textile field, these men began a series of acts by which eventually they hoped to defame a southern labor leader and rid themselves of my worldly presence.

They coached the man whom they supposed to be their "operative" in the gentle art of merry-mixing with one of the southern labor leaders and his wife. For several weeks the "operative" and the labor couple met in the evenings, playing cards and visiting.

The "operative's" employer, a notoriously muck-raking newspaperman in the employ of the southern textile interests, instructed this man that he was to sign an affidavit to the effect that the southern labor leader was guilty of "immoral" conduct on several different occasions, thus discrediting the man in the eyes of the textile workers. For this and the next part of the plot, the "operative," according to his own sworn testimony as presented recently before a Congressional investigating committee, was to receive one thousand dollars.

The second part of the plot was to kill me. Two thugs, also in the employ of this "newspaperman," were given full instructions as to how to obliterate me and what disposal to make of my remains on Labor Day, when I was scheduled to be in Charlotte.

This act of violence and lawlessness was to be the final attempt to intimidate the workers and at the same time discredit the leaders of labor in general. By a mere fluke of fate I was not murdered and because of the innate revulsion of the supposed "operative" to such vile, frame-up tactics the southern labor leader was likewise not touched. What effect these two events might have had on the southern labor movement, I don't know. Perhaps the ranks of the workers would have remained solid in spite of the infamous schemings and murders of the southern textile manufacturers. Perhaps not. Murder, coupled with the discrediting of a widely-known labor leader, might have demoralized our ranks. That is now ancient history.

The fact remains that the workers are now learning that their bosses will stoop to anything to smash their union ranks. Subsequent framings, murders and lawlessness in their own immediate local union membership has taught them that "law and order" is on the side of the most influential interests. At present the power of money speaks more loudly than the power of numbers. For the time being the vast, moving body of workers and dispossessed has not been sufficiently consolidated nor crystallized to make its inherent power felt over the domination of industry and finance. Curiously enough, however, the savage assaults on individual trade-unionists, and the blatant, open-faced miscarriages of justice have not succeeded in quelling the spirit of trade unionism and militancy in the ranks of the working class.

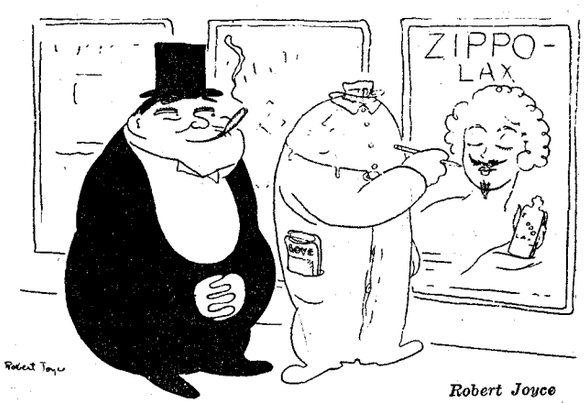
In spite of (or, more probably, *because* of) the increasingly crude, intensified attacks of industry, big business and finance on the rights of human beings as free men and women, the movement toward organization and self-protection of the masses is gaining momentum every day.

Millions of dollars are being poured into industry for the development of the industrial spy system. These millions of dollars would buy clothing, food and the ordinary everyday services of life for the workers. But the health and well-being of the working class is not half so important to the employers as the destruction of the trade-union movement. A disciplined, organized labor array means a hastening of the doom of the vested interests. There is, consequently, much logic in the murderous madness of the bankers and bosses.

Every day our workers and their leaders are falling victims of the axe of the open-shop spy system. The ruling few are getting desperate. Labor must understand that the way is going to be increasingly paved with jail-sentences, frame-ups and murders among its own ranks. Labor must also understand that the particular philosophy of its own victims makes little or no difference to the employers. A militant worker is a menace to the employers, regardless of his political or economic beliefs. Their strength will lie in our disunity.

The unity of the working class can be preserved. Our working-class leaders can be kept out of jails and, eventually, the control of our economic and political life can be shifted. Courts can be packed with labor men. Legislative halls filled with workers and Congress filled with representatives of the dispossessed. This can be done through our own political machinery. We can put our people in high places through our own Labor Party.

Until the workers organize themselves—economically into trade unions, and politically into the Labor Party—we may expect the murder of our own people, the imprisonment of our fellow-workers and anything else which may come from the increasingly desperate efforts of big business, industry and finance to maintain their oppressive and destructive rule.



Robert Joyce

"Splendid Work! Would you care to serve on the Municipal Art Committee?"

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Faking Ethiopian News

GEORGE SELDES

THE chances are about a hundred to one that persons who have not been in the front-line trenches during the World War will not believe my statement that in those fifteen hundred days when some 20,000 men were killed and wounded every day, there were times when there was actually nothing to report—*rien à signaler, nichts neues*—on the whole battlefield from Calais to Belfort.

What I mean is that on many days the shells came over, crashing a dugout and burying ten or twelve boys alive, or snipers shot out the brains of men who exposed their heads, or high explosive would catch a "slum" detail bringing up food at night and mix the crossroads, the stew and the mangled arms, legs and intestines of the soldiers into a horrible mess—these and many similar episodes took place. There was life—and death. But nothing to report in the newspapers.

(We had four million men mobilized but only two million got to France; of these only one million got beyond the service of supply in the rear; of the million in the war zone only 500,000 were at the actual front, and of these a little more than half fought the American battles. So when the patrioteering gents who wear the American Legion button speak for armaments and work daily for the next world war, although they declare sententiously, "Yes, I know that war is hell," the chances are exactly sixteen-to-one that they were not in the front-line trenches and don't know what they are talking about.)

Well, the war correspondents frequently did not know what they were talking about and too frequently did not have anything to cable about. But we had a World War, with 20,000 getting killed and wounded every day and we were finding our soul, according to the present J. P. Morgan, and we simply had to fill the front page with American army activities. What to do? The thing to do, obviously, was to fill them. And fill them we did. A trench raid involving seven men became the equal of a minor Marne, an indecisive conflict between one of our planes and a German was romanticized into a struggle for the supremacy of the air, a trench rectification worth fifty words on the British sector became a major engagement in which our men conquered—heroically. We were chroniclers of victory only.

And if such conditions prevailed in a war costing 20,000 casualties a day and involving ten million men, what are the poor devil correspondents to do in Ethiopia where a comparative handful of men are engaged and one side, menaced by airplanes and horribly tortured by gas, practically never stopped to engage in a real battle? Here was a strange sort of war, one of the most unfair and unequal wars in the history of the world, equal only to Mussolini's heroic capture of the Greek island of Corfu, when he shelled and killed sixteen children in an orphanage; here was a war of machinery on one side and medieval spears on the other; here was the terrorism of fascist clubs and castor oil transplanted in a big way into terrorism by airplane and phosgene, unseen terror, long distance terror. Naturally the natives of Ethiopia, reputed the bravest fighting men alive, could not stand against the refinements of the civilizing invading force and the result was that there was no war, nothing to report, or practically nothing.

What the correspondents did report is told to some extent by Wynant Hubbard in a book called *Fiasco in Ethiopia*,[1] and it is simply that everyone sent at great expense to Addis Ababa indulged in faking. First the photographs were faked, then the news was faked, or at least distorted, and once when Mr. Hubbard refrained from sending out a wild story, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, in the Hearst home office, published what his colleague says is a fake and laid it on Hubbard's disowning doorstep.

I cannot quite understand my friend Hubbard. He was hired by the Hearst service, was the assistant of Karl von Wiegand and the colleague of H. R. Knickerbocker and associate of Ariel Varges, motion-picture operator, all employes of the same organization. Hubbard, who had never before done newspaper work, was naturally intoxicated with the romance and adventure part of it, and that is exactly what makes his book fascinating reading and discounts its value as a realistic, objective picture of Ethiopia in war time. But the point that interested me most was Hubbard's "exposure" of the activities of the Hearst service. It was probably not subtly intended but nevertheless it is there and pretty thick too.

The point of this book is that there was no war, so far as Addis Ababa was concerned, and that the high priced élite of journalism, the war correspondents, simply had to "make" the news. To begin with a set of movie shots and photographs of "war correspondents at the front" was faked in the nearby hotel stable yard. Later, two natives who had slugged each other bloody, became "first casualties in the war." But the correspondents were no better. Hubbard admits writing out of his head a story of "The Lost Column" in the desert. When Knickerbocker sent out a big story, a scoop, the British semi-official news agency, Reuters, immediately countered with a denial. The Hearst home office thereupon asked its correspondent to explain and his reply was merely: "Disregard Reuters." Hubbard tells ecstatically how some of his colleagues discussed the matter and how he learned from the old timers that the thing to do after writing a story is to stick to it, no matter how true or false it is.

The great event in Addis Ababa (prior to its occupation, of course) was the chance of an airplane trip to the front and Knickerbocker succeeded in getting that chance. I remember now how his story was front-paged and streamered throughout the United States as the greatest story of the war and it was a really thrilling adventure. But was it all a fake? Read Hubbard's naive (or subtle) chapter on this scoop. At the Hearst dinner table Knickerbocker declared that he had not seen a single Italian, not a sign of troop movements, not a puff of a rifle, no sign of trenches, no fighting, no airplanes, nothing. He had been somewhere near the so-called but apparently non-existent front and he had seen absolutely nothing. He might just as well have flown in Arizona. But he wrote the big story which ran three days on the front page of every Hearst newspaper and "scooped the world." Hubbard actually quotes Knickerbocker saying:

> What the hell. It was nothing. Not worth the effort. Just like everything else we have been doing out here. Futile. Completely futile. This is one hell of a country.

And when the war correspondents were not jazzing the news to please their employers and ensure their salaries, they could be certain that some honest man back home would do it for them. Thus Hubbard, this time naively I am sure, tells of his astonishment on reading Brisbane's column "which quoted me as saying that I had stood by while the Emperor watched the hands of a thief being amputated." Hubbard adds:

> I don't know where such a mistake could have originated. I certainly never sent such news. . . . A man of Mr. Brisbane's standing could certainly not be suspected of faking news. Yet I knew that I had never sent him the item.

(Isn't that sweet? "A man of Mr. Brisbane's standing!" Brisbane, chief defender of Mussolini in the United States. Arthur Brisbane's radical father must be turning over in his grave every morning Arthur's column appears in the Hearst press).

Mr. Hubbard concludes his first impressions of war news gathering as follows:

> Most of the dispatches were founded on truth. But every so often we had to jazz up the meager facts. Our editors back home did not care terribly so long as the stuff sent was not too raw and obvious. They had the public to feed, just as we had our jobs to consider.

(In another moment Mr. Hubbard, who is

[1] *Fiasco in Ethiopia*, by Wynant Hubbard. Harper & Bros. $2.75.

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as free from social philosophy as a three-second-old babe, might have said something about the materialistic interpretation of news faking, but for the honor of freedom of the press he has happily refrained.)

Now let us consider for a moment the case of the war correspondent who takes his job honestly and does neither jazz nor fake the news. Here is poor Will Barber whose malaria-racked body lies in a shallow grave on a hill outside the capital. His closest friend, Robinson MacLean of The Toronto Evening Telegram, whose book is called *John Hoy of Ethiopia (His Majesty)*[2] tells how Barber risked his life to get the story for The Chicago Tribune, one of Hearst's chief rivals. When MacLean was packing Barber's belongings he found two telegrams from The Chicago Tribune, one saying that a news agency had called him a liar, had denied that he had ever visited the Ogaden desert (where he was bitten by malarial mosquitos) and the other saying: "OUR READERS WHO HAVE SEEN REAL WAR DON'T SHARE YOUR EXCITEMENT." The Chicago Tribune, like the Hearst papers and others, wanted blood and cannonfire, and Barber had not faked. Therefore he was called down by the home office. And after he died, a failure as a war correspondent in Chicago opinion, he was awarded the Pulitzer prize the other day—as the best of the lot, according to the Pulitzer opinion.

Mr. MacLean is no less a romantic than Mr. Hubbard and his book also is light journalism about the war. Once or twice he has something important to say. He tells, for instance, the story of the arrival on the Ethiopian side of a company of Mussolini's African troops, deserters, whom he interviews. "What did the Italians in your camp talk about?" he asks and quotes the black soldiers replying:

> Some were praying that God might make the war be over. They said Mussolini told them they could win the country in two days. . . . I myself would like to cut Mussolini's neck and eat his meat uncooked.

This is a revealing little story. It should be followed by an investigation into the whole matter of employing native troops in the wars of fascism and imperialism. Even newspaper readers have not failed to notice that every Italian advance and practically all the little fighting there has been in Ethiopia, was done by Askaris, or Negro soldiers recruited in the Italian colonies. In the World War the French used Senegalese and Madagascar and other colored troops who likewise were forced into a white man's war about which they knew nothing. In all colonies in Africa and elsewhere the colonizing nations have devised systems of fraud, chicanery and terrorism by which natives are recruited and become the sacrifices of white man's imperialism.

But Hubbard also recounts episodes to prove that white men, who presumably know what is going on, are not the eager soldiers which propagandists have represented them.

We have all seen the movies of the embarkation of Italian fascist troops; the joyfulness of going forth to murder, the pride of mothers sending their sons to death, the universal willingness to die for Benito Mussolini flickering on the screen, substantiating the newspaper reports that all Italy is united in this war for national honor—and profits. But Mr. Hubbard, not being a professional journalist, missed this demonstration of 100-percent fascism. Describing an embarkation he says:

> Two-thirds of the soldiers were crying. . . . It was terrible. . . . There could be no doubt. The men being loaded upon that transport were not going willingly to war with the spirit of high adventure in their hearts. Men do not weep when they have that feeling pulsing through their blood.
>
> There was a soldier . . . clinging desperately to an old bent woman, his mother. Both were crying. Two guards started for him. They laid hands on him and he fought them off. . . . There was no doubt he was cursing them and all their kind. He did not want to go, but go he had to. Clubs rose and fell. . . . The soldier slumped and his aged mother supported him, screaming vituperation upon the men who had so cruelly struck down her son. But it was war. . . .

I have of course picked out the few really significant episodes in these books and make a point of the exposure of news faking which certainly was not intended as the purpose of either of them. They are written as adventure and they are good adventure with a colorful background, pleasant, superficial, interesting, for those who want adventure when a nation is being murdered. A much more serious book is *Ethiopia, a Pawn in European Diplomacy*[3] by Ernest Work, which I recommend for anyone who cares to follow the decades of intrigue among the superior nations which enabled Ethiopia to hold out so long as the last independent state in Africa.

But neither the adventure books nor the history get right down to the one fundamental fact: the driving force of self-preservation of finance capital and its political form, imperialistic government, which makes war a necessity and the exploitation of Asia, Africa, colonies, one's own working class, another necessity. On this subject the authors have nothing to report. All is quiet on the imperialist, capitalist, fascist front—in Africa. Nothing but life—and death.

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2 *John Hoy of Ethiopia (His Majesty)*, by Robinson MacLean. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

3 *Ethiopia, a Pawn in European Diplomacy*, by Ernest Work. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

The Definition of Song

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

Singing is best, it gives right joy to speech.
Six years I squandered studying to teach
Expounding language. Singing it is better,
Teaching the joy of the song, not teaching the letter.

And of all forms of song surely the least
Is solo. Only lark in the east
Foretelling sun-rise, lone singer, can say
How volume will amplify with the arriving ray. . . .

So singing is the work of many voices.
For only so when choral mass rejoices
Is the lock sprung on human isolation
And all the many welded into one.

Body sings best when feet beat out the time.
Translated song, order of bold rhyme
Swing the great stanza on the pavement—use
The public street for publishing good news.

Deepest of all, essential to the song
Is common good, grave dogma of the throng;
Well-spring of affirmation in accord
Beneath the chanting utterance, the word.

Song is not static—joy becomes a dance.
In step, vast unison, in step advance.
This is the life of song: that it mean, and move
And state the massive power of our love.

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A Disaster and a Triumph

JOHN STRACHEY

LONDON.

THE CAUSE of peace has today suffered a disaster and secured a triumph. The disaster is the apparently decisive victory of Italian fascism in Africa. The triumph is the superb rally of the people of France in the cause of peace, democracy and socialism.

Let us first face the extent of the disaster. The success of Italian fascist aggression has had exactly the consequences which ever since last summer the Communist Party has prophesied that it would have. It has immensely encouraged every potential aggressor. It has gravely prejudiced the attempt to establish a system of collective security strong enough to prevent aggression ever paying and on that attempt our lives depend. It is no idle task to fix the responsibility for this disaster, for the game is not yet played out. Despite the chorus of denial which is going up from almost every section of the British press, the responsibility for the breakdown of League action over Ethiopia rests first and foremost upon the British government. Mr. Anthony Eden in a speech of extreme self-righteousness says that,

> We have nothing to reproach ourselves with, nothing to apologize for. . . . We have played our part not on behalf of any imperial interests nor for any selfish motives, but because as members of the League and signatories to the covenant we had an obligation which we shared with all other members of the League.

Almost the exact contrary is the truth. The British government was willing to honor its obligations under the covenant of the League just so far as its own imperialist interests were involved and not a step further. It was willing to take part in coercing Italy because Italian aggression threatened the road to India. But it refused to pledge itself to the coercion of German aggression because German aggression seemed to threaten only the roads to Paris, to Prague, to Vienna and to Moscow.

Ethiopia was betrayed last September when Sir Samuel Hoare refused to give the French government an assurance that if France supported League action against Italian aggression Britain would support League action against German aggression. The British government refused to give that pledge last September and still refuses to give it today. This is the torpedo which has come near to sinking the League: this and nothing else is what has done almost irreparable damage to the cause of peace. It is vital to emphasize and to reemphasize this one point for even today it is overlooked not merely by the British government, which is of course intent to conceal it, but by the British opposition. The Daily Herald, the organ of the Labor Party, places the blame for the breakdown of League action against Italy upon the French government and calls on the new People's Front majority to reverse its policy. Now it may be that it would have been wise in the long run for the French government to have supported Britain against Italy even though Britain refused to give her any assurance of support against Germany. We certainly hold no brief for the odious Laval who was then in power in France. It may be that it will be wise for the People's Front majority which has now come to power to reverse French foreign policy in this respect. But this does not alter the monstrous character of the British demand — the demand that everyone should commit himself to protect British interests and that Britain should never commit herself to protect anyone else's interests. Moreover the British government still fully maintains its catastrophic policy of passive support for the aggressor. It is reported that the questions which the British government is now addressing to Hitler on behalf of the Locarno powers have been so modified and whittled down by the British cabinet that they now amount to an encouragement to Hitler to evade giving any assurances of non-aggression to his Eastern neighbors. The News Chronicle, the leading liberal newspaper in Britain, has an excellent article pointing out the disasters which must ensue and if this is the case, how collective security in Europe will receive another grave blow.

British Communists welcome the wisdom of The News Chronicle, but they point out that it is somewhat belated. No newspaper (except The Daily Herald) played a greater part in helping Hitler to achieve his great success in remilitarizing the Rhineland last March than did The News Chronicle. It played a decisive part in paralyzing the collective peace system in the face of Nazi aggression by enabling the British government to point to the state of public opinion as an excuse for going back on its obligations under the treaty of Locarno. May we hope that on the next occasion when Hitler commits an act of aggression The News Chronicle will not become his apologist? The truth is that unless the popular democratic forces can unite in Britain as they have united in France, the prospect of avoiding war within the next twelve months is small. On the other hand, the triumph of the people of France opens the way to the creation of an unbreakable peace barrier against which Hitler and every other fascist aggressor will rage in vain. The popular peace-loving forces in Britain are at least as strong as they are in France. The eleven million persons who voted in the peace ballot only a year ago can force any British government to do their bidding. United in solid alliance with the popular forces now dominant in France, they would be irresistible. What the forces of peace and democracy in Britain lack is not strength but clarity. They have allowed themselves to be tragically deluded and misled; they have been made the dupes of Hitler. The four vital factors in swaying this mighty section of British opinion are at present two newspapers and two organizations, namely, The Daily Herald and The News Chronicle, the League of Nations and the Labor Party. Surely the clarion call of the French elections will rouse those responsible to these four bodies to the vital necessity of supporting the French people, whose cause is the cause of peace.

Surely Lord Cecil, leader of the League of Nations Union, and Mr. Attlee, member of the Labor Party, will not hesitate to tell the British government that speaking as they can for at least eleven million British voters they insist on the British government reversing its present policy, abandoning its support of Hitler and linking itself with the democratic pacific peoples of France and the Soviet Union in the building of a system of unbreakable collective security. These leaders of British democracy must rise to their supreme responsibility. The European crisis deepens week by week. So long as the British government pursues its present policy we can expect nothing but a rapid deterioration ending in early war. We should not have any illusions that the present government will yield easily. It is true that it is profoundly divided. But it becomes more and more clear that there is a permanent majority in the cabinet against support of the collective peace system. Overwhelming expression of opinion such as was given by the peace ballot can break that majority.

A world peace conference is to be summoned to Geneva next September. The British political parties will not be represented as such, but working-class organizations such as the trade unions and the trades council cooperative societies and the like will be represented. Indeed, I understand that any body of a thousand persons can send a delegate. I do not know what arrangements for American participation have been made but it is of the first importance that the British and American working-class movements should throw themselves into participation in this world-peace conference. The organized workers must give the whole of British and American democracy an unequivocal lead by the rousing of an irresistible tide of opinion. We can ensure solidarity with the people of France and the Soviet Union today. These great peoples stand as the twin pillars of the structure of peace, but that structure cannot be secured until the British people, and in so far as possible the Americans, also provide the third pillar. Then it will be indestructible.

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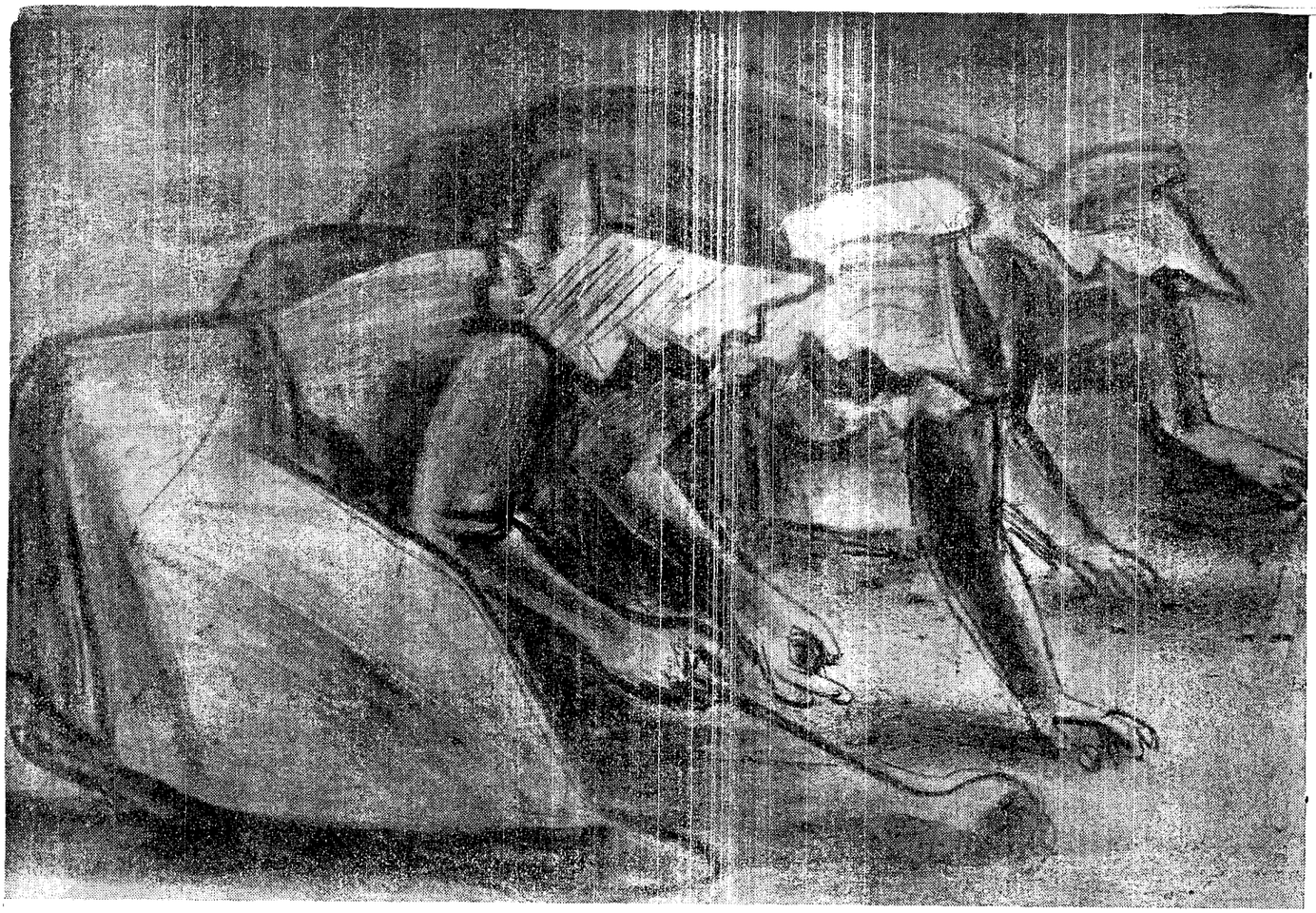

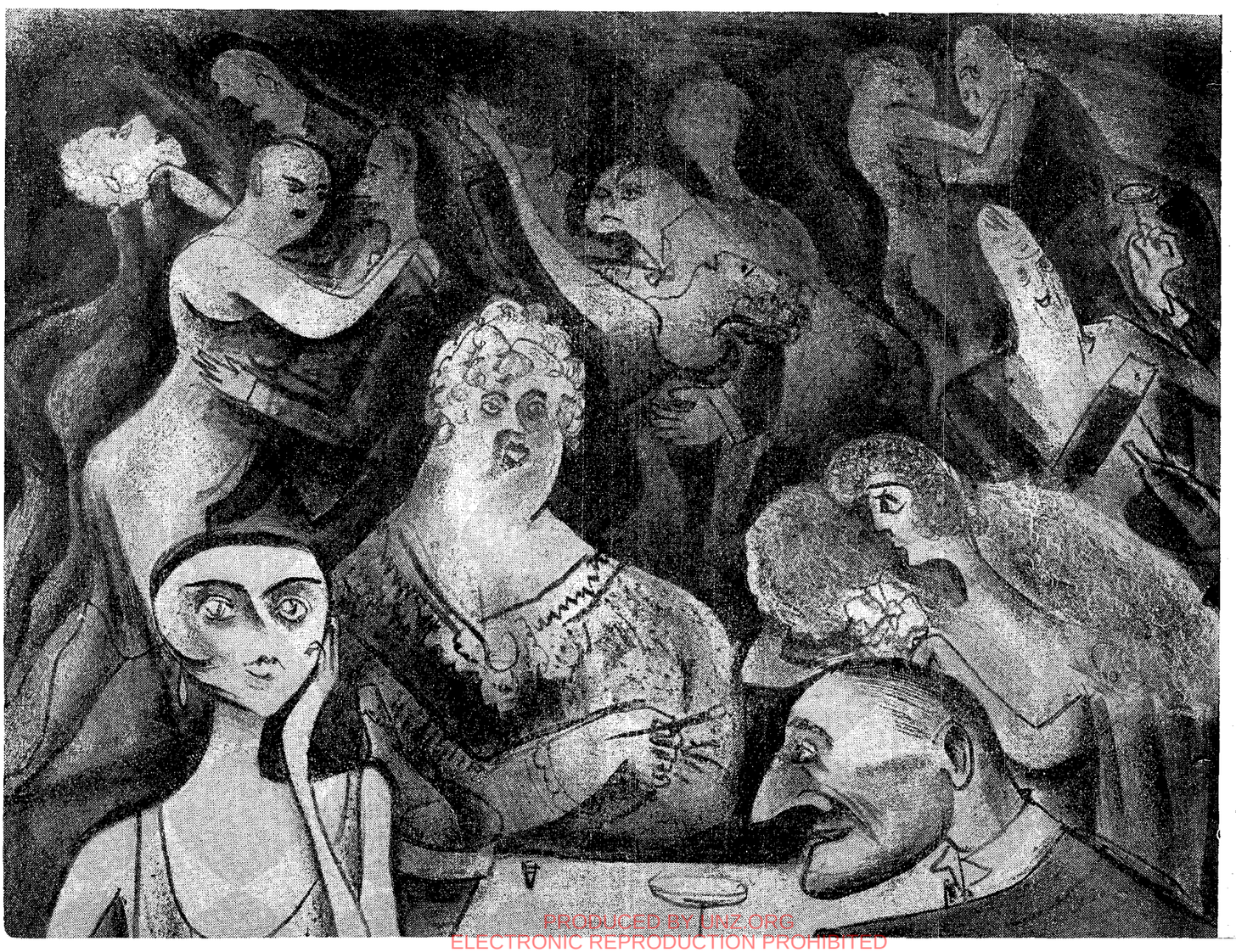

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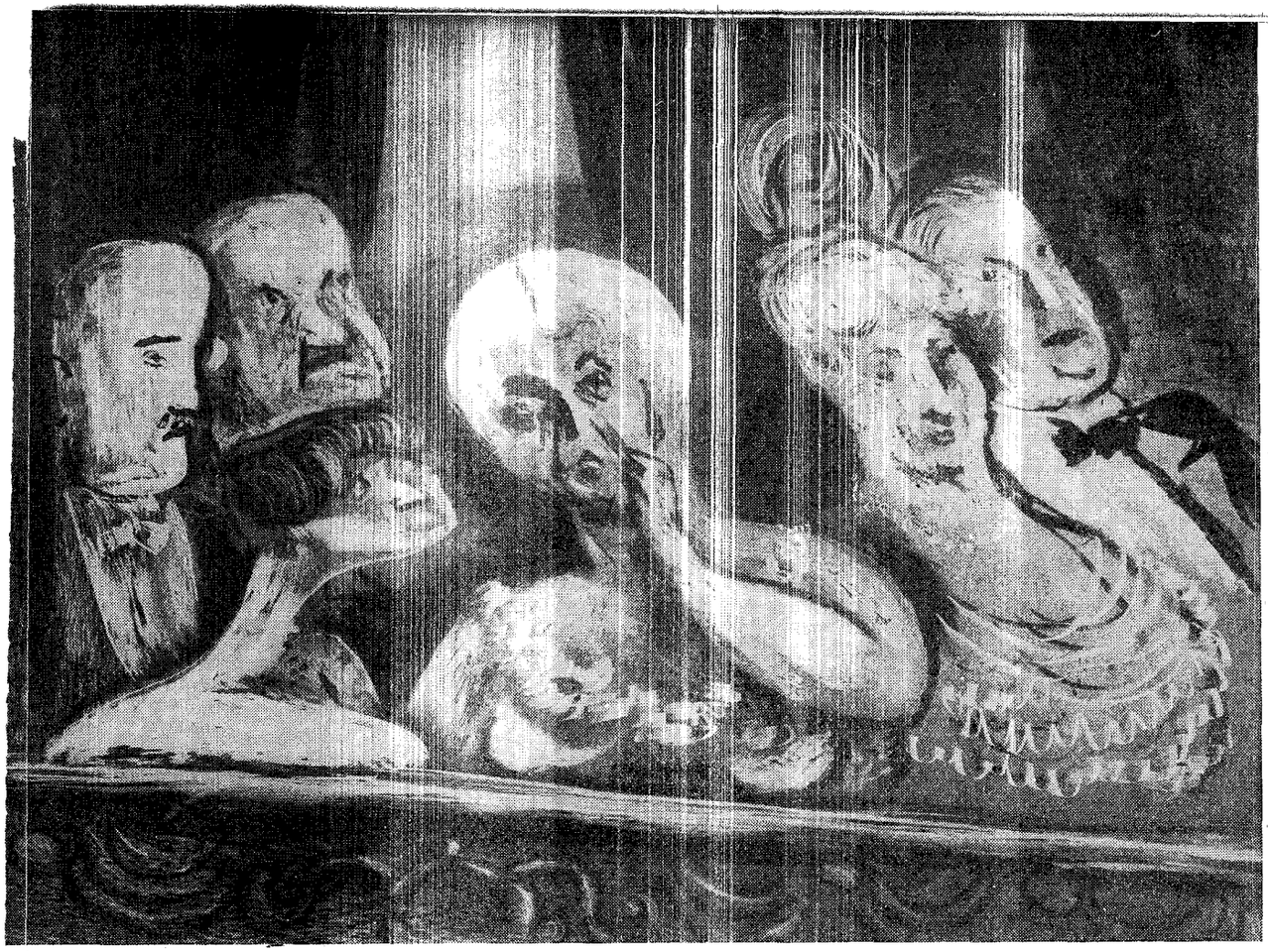

Four Lithographs

ADOLF DEHN

Left Above
Pomeranian Potato Diggers

Right Above
Loge

Left Below
Tango at Zellis

Right Below
Broadway Parade

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The Ship

MARIA-TERESA LEON

THE police knew him and considered him an imbecile. "They think I'm stupid, but I spend the day distributing pamphlets." From early morning on he tried to make himself useful.

"Have you a mother?" they asked him.

"An aunt," he answered lightly.

His aunt was a housewife, a servant, like her nephew. They were revolutionaries.

Doors open and the children go out.

At eight-thirty, just before school, he mingled with them. He liked to go from corner to corner in the morning, with bundles of newspapers. He sold them without knowing how to read, while others studied—division of work. He ate dry bread, while the others unpacked their lunches at eleven o'clock. He stammered while the other children, mischievous and alive, spoke brilliant words like shining apples. But these children were bourgeois.

Before this, the children had walked by him, paying no attention to him, shoving him. Now, they stop to ask him the news. Things were different from the time when they knocked him around, and made fun of him. He no longer ran away from them, trembling with fear, to a straw mattress on the floor, to wait for his aunt to bring something to eat.

A political definition is a wonderful defense. Previously, it was painful for him to go out. Little things made him smile. Twenty-four families lived in this miserable hovel. If he didn't smile at the children, he got nothing. It was hard for him to sing while he chewed the sole of a rotted shoe. While his aunt called for money in the court-yards, Bartolo quivered with fear like a rat being chased.

Across the air-shaft a woman called: "You're putting on."

Putting on? The blood rose in his cheeks. The barber's wife spat slowly. "Get along, madame, with your little fellow . . . Don't you see that he's crying?" One time his aunt, excited from having been chased, threw him on his pallet.

He remembers clearly that it was the next day that he met the kid who sold packages of pins, safety-pins, address books, buttons. The kid was leaning against a wall, reading.

Bartolo asked him: "What are you doing?"

Without looking up, the child went on spelling out words. Little by little he read:

A slate,
Comrade,
For the worker's child,
Give him a slate.

Give him a piece of red chalk,
Give him a pen,
Give him an ink-well,
With ink of the same color—red
Comrade,
So that he can write an inscription.

What did he write, comrade?
"Lenin," answers the slate.

Bartolo had never heard anyone read aloud. The other child read badly, and was bothered because someone was listening to him. Letters are not nice things that can be touched like vines on walls. You have to serve an apprenticeship to be able to take them by surprise . . . From this work-shop, Bartolo learned the word: revolutionary.

Those who used to throw pebbles at his feet now respected him. This forced him into an act of bravery: he presented himself before the Youth Committee, with his stupid face covered with fear. But here they could use everybody. They gave him newspapers. He came home, after the daily misery, with hands full of bundles of papers. The aunt and the nephew sorted them and piled them in a corner. They watched out when anyone went by their room. As carefully as if their hands were wet they spread out a sheet on the table and the aunt deciphered the words.

She had almost forgotten how to read:

"Reaction raises itself against the working masses . . . 50,000 miners on strike . . . The Chinese Soviets win important victories. . . . The bourgeoisie, which exploits us, is preparing for war."

Words they could hardly fathom resounded in the room. They did not understand much of it, but they knew they were reading about themselves, about those who eat dry bread and wear clothes others have discarded.

The light flickered on the page. The child leaned on his aunt's hands. "Move away, let me see."

The slogans stood up like bayonets. Each one was an arm. The twenty-four families had gone to sleep long ago.

"Everything is tumbling. The ruling classes are falling, beaten by the crisis. Hunger marchers, unemployed workers, salaries cut to the bone, suicides—the harvest of capitalism is delirium. A single country is free from the plague of unemployment . . ."

"Aunt, read more clearly." They went on:

"A single country is free from the plague of unemployment. It covers one-sixth of the world. It is the country of the workers . . ."

Like an avalanche it dawned on them. It was the Soviet Union. They understood that. There were no masters there to give you dirty underwear to wash while they looked at you as if you were a stone. The aunt grew pale, broke out into sobs. She did not cry often, but now she cried because the Russian children skated joyously on the ice of a marvelous city where there were no rich and no poor.

"Is all this true?" "Yes, yes, aunt." They understood a great deal. They embraced from happiness. The aunt wore the same clothes to sleep in as she wore when she took in washing. She was damp, and dried out under the cover. She held a piece of gray embroidered material on her breast. The child pressed himself against her. Sleep! The revolutionaries sleep well, certain that they will awake tomorrow morning.

Besides newspapers, Bartolo distributed illegal leaflets, pasted up stickers, threw stones at the cars of the police, and learned the "Internationale." Sometimes he was beaten up. Blood flowed from his nostrils while he thought of the country where the children play and skate on the ice of a city without police terror. He wanted to touch the political prisoners when they were released, he wanted to know the speakers he heard at meetings, he wanted to spread the latest news. Soon he would be a spring from which ideas of the Soviet would flow.

When he got to the entrance of the movie he didn't have a nickel to go in. The music had already begun and the loud-speaker filled the street. With him, other children, those who watch bull-fights, shouting, looked for cracks in the door. Some of them were selling candy, lines of police kept order. It was cold and all of them would rather have been inside, seeing this country. On the screen: the land covered with tractors, cream flowing from the electric churns, glorious apples, open faces laughing with joy at the miracle of being free. From the rotted house of poverty to the social hall, painted in white with a corner for books. Books! The sight of a radio made those in the balcony sob. Fertile soil, black, with waving wheat, without masters, belonging to all, bread, black and nourishing, for all who work.

Men, women, young men who go to the movies to see their fiancés, workers who have saved all week to see this picture, pack the hall, shoulder to shoulder. When the lights go on, the strongest turn away their heads as if this splendor were painful to them. As they come out Bartolo grabs many arms. "What happened in there?"

They were speaking about the Soviet boat which was in Spanish waters. Bartolo ran breathlessly home to his aunt. "They are coming. They are coming here in a boat!" Neither of them had ever seen the ocean.

All the newspapers said so. He asked thousands of questions of his comrades. Now, both of them were in the dark, dreaming. In the dark, things one has never seen are easier to see. They didn't know where the ocean was, but they decided the child would go to receive them. These were the Russian comrades. Their names were hard to remember. The sailors took him with them. His aunt was worried.

"Don't stop for anyone."

The child, just as in romantic novels, left

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at dawn. Calm, very calm, more alone than ever, his aunt said nothing.

A child who goes away towards his future, always goes towards important things. It used to be to chase lions, free princesses. His way today leads him towards the men of the country of revolution. Like the heroes of old, he fought against fear, the night, the rustling of leaves, sore feet, the police guarding the roads. All over the world, rivers flow into the oceans and lose themselves. Just so he gave himself into the hands of the comrades. He passed through many villages. What did the ideas of world revolution in the mind of a child mean to the inn-keepers? Many times he saw chickens go to roost and wake up. In the villages they pray in the evening and in the cities they dance for a rest from having done nothing. They go to theater, too. At nightfall they call out the names of the revolutionary papers louder than the bourgeois papers. Bartolo had never known that a field of wheat lies next to olive orchards, and that between towns the land is empty. As he was a child of the city he did not know the names of the birds nor of the plants he stepped on. But he knew the electric advertisements which advertised the things he could never buy. He walked, eyes straight ahead, wide-open. Walking to the sea, he reached the sea. The street ended suddenly before an ocean of masts and smoke-stacks.

The peanut-vender assured him that it was the port which was so brilliantly lighted up that he could hardly see it.

"Where is the Russian boat?" he asked two or three people. How could they go about their business, if *they* were there? When he stopped, satisfied, his head trembled more than ever.

A child has crossed Spain, on foot, just for a boat. There was its smoke-stack. Men, leaning on their guns, looked at him. A rough hand grabbed him. "You can't pass here."

"I am going that way," he said, pointing simply towards a red flag.

Capitalist guns barred the way between the Spanish workers and the sailors who were unloading the ship.

The proletarian island was heating up its boilers.

He went away. How his feet hurt! A gray cloud of sea-gulls hid the port. He felt like an empty sack, worthless.

The ship got smaller and smaller on the horizon.

Bartolo stood on the shore, sobbing.

You, Russian comrades, you never knew it. This Spanish child crossed Spain to see your ship. Don't forget this child, comrades.

Stupefy and Conquer

MICHAEL PELL

THE WORLD has not as yet accorded sufficient recognition to Imperial Japan for certain of her contributions to modern military science. First, there is the matter of attacking a nation without the formality of declaring war. Some people credit Mussolini with this innovation, but it was employed by the Japanese in Manchuria in 1931, and long before that, in 1904, when Japanese cannon replaced the diplomat's pen in delivering the War Declaration to a surprised Czar.

Now the Japanese have made another improvement on time-honored imperialist method and military science. After costly and tedious efforts to bribe and alienate sections of the Manchurian population, after ruthless use of fire and sword, the Japanese Empire-builders found the old dictum of Divide and Rule no longer adequate. So they improved it to Divide, Stupefy and Rule. Other imperialists have long employed ideological means of stupefaction, but the Japanese have resorted to opium as a potent physical weapon of subjugation through stupefaction.

The opium-eater lacks the spirit to fight against foreign oppression. The dope deadens his interest in the affairs of his nation or class. All his desires center on procuring more and more of the drug: those who control the supplies can dictate the terms. If the victim is a scholar, he can be browbeaten into the role of reliable apologist for, let us say, the Manchukuo puppet regime. If a worker, he may be cowed into becoming a spy on his fellows. If a peasant, he can be prodded into favoring the North China "autonomous" regimes set up by Imperial Japan. If he is a warlord, or Buddhist priest, or Mongol prince, a generous gift of high-quality opium will render him quite amenable to the proposals of the apostles of the Mikado.

In 1932 the League of Nations sent the Lytton Commission to Manchuria. There, through V. K. Wellington Koo, Assessor, the Commission was presented with detailed official data on the Japanese narcotic activities. The information contained thirty-five pages of names and addresses of Japanese and their agents throughout China who had been caught smuggling, manufacturing and selling drugs. Moreover, the names of Japanese ships engaged were given, as well as a list of those Japanese diplomatic officials secretly participating in the dope traffic. The officials and the ships still continue to carry on the trade.

In January, 1935, the Prime Minister of Manchukuo, in a formal proclamation on the Opium Law, declared:

> . . . the policy of the Government in regard to this question, is the strict prohibition of opium-smoking by the general public, permitting smoking only by the addicts and at the same time establishing special infirmaries to take care of the addicts.

Yet two months later a special correspondent of The London Times, after a trip through Manchuria, reported:

> In point of fact, at present licensed opium dens are open to all comers, and no license of any sort is necessary to smoke in them. . . . There is nothing in the system as at present administered to prevent anyone, even a boy in his teens, from acquiring, with no trouble and little expense, a habit which is likely to ruin his life.

The New York Times evidently prefers to believe the Prime Minister of Manchukuo. In the rotogravure section, December 15, 1935, it prints a full page illustrating how well Chinese children fare in Manchukuo. The Times did not reprint photographs published two months earlier in The Chinese Recorder (Shanghai), which give a quite different impression. One of those photos carries the caption:

> Picture shows an addict sunning himself on a street corner in Mukden a few days before his death. Near this corner are nearly two hundred firms doing dope business under the protection of extra-territoriality. They barter for almost anything. Victims are urged to come up to their last gasp. When nothing is left except a bit of land, the victim barters that away. Thus the land comes into the possession of the Japanese. When dead, and often when dying, the clothes are stolen from the bodies of the victims.

Other photographs show how a rope is tied around the wrists of gasping and lifeless addicts and their carcasses dragged off to the human dump heaps where they are left to rot. Some time ago, when the writer visited the Manchurian frontier town of Shanhaikwan, he was told by residents how Chinese peasants who had become hopeless addicts bartered their daughters to Japanese agents. The girls were then sold to brothels and gambling dens where their duties besides the regular ones, include inducing customers to use drugs.

The apparatus set up by the Japanese military for their program of spreading the dope habit is carefully obscured. Police terror and censorship make accurate information difficult to obtain. Even Americans stationed in Manchuria are afraid to speak. Frank Rawlinson recently related in The Christian Century (Chicago) that a missionary replied to his request for information about the narcotic problem that it was not safe to answer his questions, since all letters are censored. The missionary, in the same letter, alluded to the arrest of several members of his hospital staff in Manchuria.

Notwithstanding Japanese efforts, certain

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piecemeal information has leaked out, which, when collated with official data, presents the following picture:

The Manchukuo Opium Monopoly Bureau is controlled by the General Staff of the Japanese Kwantung Army. Revenue from operations is used to finance the further invasions of North China and Inner Mongolia, thus putting the occupation on a "self-supporting basis." With the financial situation of Japan severely strained, this arrangement naturally meets with the full approval of the Tokyo War and Finance Ministries.

The Academica Sinica, foremost research body of China, estimates that Japan smuggled over $80,000,000 worth of drugs, arms, silk and sugar into China during 1933 and 1934. Since then, the traffic has trebled, resulting in appalling financial losses to the Chinese Customs office, as well as the demoralization of the Chinese silk and sugar industries. Opium, known as China's best "cash crop," is the most lucrative item in this smuggling racket, and is estimated to yield $6,000,000 per month (Chinese currency).

The Opium Monopoly Bureau employs not less than 2,000 officials, practically all Japanese. It maintains 80 control offices and district branch offices throughout Manchuria, Inner Mongolia and North China. It owns a network of factories and research laboratories, and huge areas of land devoted to the cultivation of the opium poppy. It also encourages poppy cultivation by small peasants, from whom it buys the entire crop at its own prices, after deducting exorbitant taxes "on behalf of the State." It imports high-priced Turkish opium and exports (via smugglers) Manchurian opium and derivative drugs to Hongkong, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, the United States and elsewhere.

The sales organization of the Monopoly Bureau is very impressive and thorough, reaching into every last little hamlet of Manchukuo and occupied North China. When all the agents, sub-agents, peddlers, runners, carriers and smugglers are included, the total cannot be less than 200,000 directly engaged in the narcotic traffic. Wellington Koo stated: "Twenty thousand Japanese are engaged in selling the poisonous drugs along the Kiachow-Tsinan Railway alone." Maxwell Stewart, in China Today, stated: "Seventy-five percent of the Japanese nationals resident in South Manchuria are directly or indirectly connected with the drug traffic." In Mukden, a city of 45,000 (excluding the Japanese who are forbidden to buy or use the drug), not less than 550 shops sell narcotics. Changchun is reported to have about 1,000 small dens; Antung, about 2,000. Muriel Lester, an experienced investigator, has ascertained that in the North China country of Changlin, the Japanese have opened so many narcotic booths that they average one to every 500 inhabitants. In addition, the Monopoly Bureau salesmen have induced theaters, pawn-shops, cafes and gambling dens to sell opium, offering them the protection of the local Japanese military and consular officials in case of trouble with the Chinese authorities.

An American army officer has pointed out that despite the nondescript and disreputable character of the drug traffickers, they are well organized and must be considered a potent branch of the Imperial Japanese Army. Equipped with their "silent ammunition," and maintaining a huge undercover network reaching into the farthest corners of China and Inner Mongolia, they perform invaluable intelligence work for the Secret Service Division of the Kwantung Army. A glimpse of their effectiveness may be had from the report of an American journalist in Shanghai who investigated North China last November, a few days before the Nipponese bayonets arrived:

> . . . The peasants seemed to know little or nothing about the Japanese. To them the Japanese are peddlers of dope—morphine, heroin and opium, and to them the Japanese flag is a flag hung before Japanese drug shops. . . . The peasants are very poor, their villages most miserable looking places, and even the little girls have bound feet. . . .

No doubt about it, the Monopoly Bureau functions effectively in North China. True, its sales agents there, as in the rest of China, have certain difficulties in meeting the competition of Chiang Kai-Shek's own opium organization. Such competition they overcome with characteristic methods: the Kwantung Army uses its own trucks and convoys to smuggle the drugs across Chinese frontiers, labeling such cargoes "Military Supplies"—as indeed they are. The Chinese Customs officials dare not insult the tender sensibilities of the Mikado's officers by inspecting such freight, just as Shanghai and Foochow Customs officers dare not inspect cargoes which Japanese gunboats discharge at those ports, under similar guise.

Not without good reason did the Japanese Army insert in the Tangku Truce pact the proviso that Chinese customs officials on the Manchurian border are forbidden to carry arms. Today, the Japanese consular officials all over China forbid even the searching of Japanese subjects (and this means all Formosans, Koreans and "naturalized" Chinese in the employ of Japanese smugglers). Within Chinese cities, Japanese dope-peddlers are protected from punishment by their consulates. When the Chinese police catch Japanese nationals violating some law, all they can do is turn them over to the local Japanese consul, who promptly frees the culprits.

NOT all Chinese want to smoke opium, even when it is sold at temptingly cheap prices. But the ingenious salesmen of the Mikado have found ways to induce them. Through cooperation with the Cigarette Monopoly Bureau, which is, significantly, also under the control of the Kwantung Army, opium is secretly injected into certain brands of cigarettes—a good way to arouse a craving. And there are other methods: free samples are given to housewives and schoolboys who come into shops to buy groceries or candy. Doctors are bribed to prescribe opium for rheumatism and other diseases, and to make public statements that the drug is beneficial. Many of the Bureau's employes are provided with doctor's diplomas and sent into the villages in order to "practise medicine."

So alarming has the situation become that the Association of Physicians and Surgeons of Manchuria called a conference at Harbin, at which Dr. N. F. Orlov warned:

> If the aim of the Manchukuo administration is the narcotization of its own population, as one has to admit to be the case, it has certainly achieved a considerable result. This is apparent from the terrible spread of the narcotic evil among all classes of the Manchurian population.

Elimination of a few million excess Manchurians through narcotics, after squeezing them dry of their last coppers, is eminently agreeable to the Japanese occupationists. Otherwise, if the unemployed coolies and the dispossessed peasants remained alive, they might become discontented and get "dangerous ideas." In North China, too, with its teeming ninety millions, the Japanese are creating an "excess population" problem. This area (the five provinces of Hopei, Chahar, Suiyuan, Shansi and Shantung), larger than Germany and France combined, is rich in coal and mineral mines, in cattle and in the cotton and wheat growing lands which the Japanese so badly covet. The seaports and railways of this region are also vital to the Japanese Army for their war against the Soviet Union and People's Mongolian Republic. Labor power for exploitation and development is available, but what the Japanese military lacks is capital. What better method for raising capital than through planting new acres of opium and saturating ever new provinces with the highly profitable and useful drugs?

If several millions of Chinese languish and rot away as the result, that is something for the doctors and priests, and not the military gentlemen, to worry about. There will always be enough bent backs left to work the mills and mines, and to carry Emperor Hirohito's divine descendants across the streams.

It seems in fact that plain opium has not yielded sufficiently rapid results. To increase the revenue, the Opium Bureau has invented a white powder called "Baimien," more effective and more poisonous than any other narcotic on the market. In addition, they offer a full line of opium juices, opium residue, native opium, opium powder, opium seeds, medicines containing morphine, ground morphine, drugged perfumes and cigarettes, heroin for sniffing and injecting, so-called "gold pills," etc. And with fitting thoroughness, they also offer "pills for curing the opium disease." (These pills have been dubbed by the natives "big head, little tail" medicine, because they contain 90 percent opium and only 10 percent preventative.)

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Are the Japanese meeting with no resistance to their program of pacification and subjugation through stupefaction? Ruthless military terror reigns in Manchukuo and the occupied North China areas. If, as we have seen, American missionaries are afraid to speak, what must be the fear of the native population? White Guard Russians and Cossacks in Manchukuo, servile as they are to the Japanese, are fleeing to Shanghai. The Jewish communities have dispatched urgent pleas to Tokyo, protesting the victimization of Jewish youth. Christian missionaries finding that their church members are acquiring the dope habit, have appealed to the League of Nations.

To whom, then, can the Chinese appeal? They know that to appeal to Chiang Kai-shek is useless, for he is constantly capitulating to the Japanese, even where his own opium interests are injured, as was the case recently when Nanking surrendered the Suiyuan camel caravan route to Japan. They see how the formerly wealthy province of Szechwan has been reduced to famine largely as the result of the cultivation of poppy enforced by the Kuomintang warlords and landowners.

The only real resistance to the Japanese opium program comes from the same forces that resist the Japanese military program: the Manchurian partisans and volunteers, now joined in the North-Eastern Anti-Japanese United Armies; and the Chinese Red Armies. The Manchurian forces, whom the Kwantung militarists have been unable to drive from their stronghold in the hills surrounding the city of Yenki, in Kirin province, maintain a military college and very effective undercover "traveling schools." They issue textbooks and educational literature enlightening the Manchurian peoples about narcotics.

In the Sovietized areas of China cultivation of opium is strictly forbidden. The illicit manufacture or sale of any narcotic is sternly punished. Wherever the Red Armies march, they carry on educational campaigns among the coolies and peasants, warning them against the effects of opium. Wherever they encounter drug shops or caravans, whether the owners be Chinese or Japanese, they destroy the stocks. Where poor peasants have been compelled to grow opium on their lands, the poppy crops are burned and the peasants are compensated with fields confiscated from the wealthy landowners.

The Nanking and Tokyo Governments, who control all legal avenues of communication, of course prevent these deeds from becoming known, or distort them as the marauding work of bandits. But the recent demonstrations in China indicate that the most progressive elements there realize that the opium problem is intrinsically tied up with the whole problem of China's liberation. This growing awareness is worrying the Nipponese sabre-rattlers. And Chiang Kai-shek too.

I Have Forgotten Beauty

MOLLIE PRAGER

At the clinic—
A dime, they said.
Card.
Sit down, they said.
Hush dear, I said,
The doctor will come soon.
Will he hurt me? she asked.
No, he's a nice man.
Hours later we left.
Blue hyacinths flashed in a window.
Mother—the flowers!
But I did not turn my head—
Would there be carfare?

At the Bureau—
Get back, they said.
Late.
Go there, they said.
Mother, why are we waiting?
For the lady, dear.
Which lady?
For the pretty lady.
Is that her?
And she pointed to the head of the line.
But I fretted my turn.
Why didn't they hurry?
How much would I get?

At the end of the day
I pulled myself up from the chair.
I'm going out for a walk, I said.
To the end of the street,
To the beginning of the hill.
I must get out of here.

At the end of the street,
At the beginning of the hill,
The sky stretched and groaned
Pierced by the stars' sharp clinging,
Blinded by the stars' white glitter.
Beauty, I said, my eyes are open,
My guard is down.
And I held up my head
Uncovered.

Quiet! said the clinic.
Nothing! said the Bureau.
Butter, begged my daughter.
Is that all? asked my husband.
When will you pay? said the landlord.
Credit till tomorrow, said the milkman.

Mother, the flowers!
Mother, that girl!

The sky—
The stars—

Credit till tomorrow, said the milkman.

I turned from the end of the street.
I turned from the beginning of the hill.
The sky was a gray sack.
The stars dust.
The tree a stick.
The wind cold.
Beauty—I could not remember.

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Our Readers' Forum

Wynken, Blynken and Nod

May one offer the following paraphrase of Robert Forsythe's article in this week's issue of THE NEW MASSES:

Mencken, Nathan and Boyd one night
Sailed off on a wordy cruise,
For Mencken and Nathan knew Boyd by sight
And wanted to learn his views.
"Where are you going and what will you do?"
An editor asked the three.
"We are going to find if there's anything true
And the whyness of things that be—
Most extremely clever are we,"
Said Mencken,
Nathan
And Boyd.

The editor laughed and thumbed his nose
As they argued the whole night long,
And they found themselves, ere the sun arose,
Agreeing that all was wrong.
"But how," asked Boyd, "does the whichness of this
Affect the suchness of me?"
"This one conclusion we never can miss
Because it's so easy to see—
That most extremely clever are we,"
Said Mencken
And Nathan
To Boyd.

Mencken and Nathan, their plans they laid
To fashion careers anew.
By Hearst and Liberty royally paid
They'd honor the red, white and blue.
But soon Boyd yawned and rubbed his eye
And queried, "What of me?"
The others serenely gazed at the sky;
"This business doesn't need three,
And most extremely clever are we,"
Said Mencken
And Nathan
To Boyd.

Mencken and Nathan are monstrous wise
And Boyd is a sleepy head.
Small blame to them if they closed his eyes
And chortled the prayer for the dead.
They left him there in his slumbrous plight,
Adrift on the endless sea.
So ends this lay of the seekers of light—
The cognoscenti three—
And their hymn of glee, "So clever are we,
Mencken,
Nathan
And Boyd."

WILLIAM J. SHULTZ.

"Amateur New Masses Page"

Much as I like THE NEW MASSES, I find myself unable to figure out why you neglect the reader who is fairly well read, fairly intelligent, fairly comfortable financially, yet who has never had occasion to become interested in current problems from the standpoint of the masses. There must be thousands of such readers who pick up a copy of THE NEW MASSES, glance through it and mentally discard it with "More Red ballyhoo." The magazine as it stands usually provides more facts and figures, and stories for the reader who has already become interested in the flagrant injustices perpetrated upon the masses of the people, and further provides him with a bulwark to continue in his own way to fight against them. It seems to me however that you are missing a good bet in not attempting to include those who have no previous knowledge of the subject. Why not devote a few hundred words—or a page—every week to a very elementary survey, similar to, for example, M. J. Olgin's *Why Communism?* A sort of Amateur NEW MASSES Page. I think this would be a fine means of providing a sharp mental wedge with which to pry open the usually dull mind of the average man who must be appealed to on emotional grounds.

I am glad that I decided to subscribe to THE NEW MASSES. I have just received my first copy and I'm sending along a list of eight names, names whose owners will, I hope, be interested in seeing a copy of THE NEW MASSES. If they like the magazine half as much as I do you will have no trouble with them.

LESTER G. COHEN.

Sex and Proletarian Literature

Isidor Schneider's article "Sex, An Opium of the People," should be studied, especially by every would-be proletarian writer today. It is the clearest analysis and exposition of the sex racket that I've seen. So many of the so-called proletarian writers stumble around on this subject. Apparently, some might think a proletarian story or novel is not proletarian unless it has sex smeared around over the pages, and incidentally, in a most offensive way to the real proletarians; unless the lives of workers are centered around smutty vulgar sex stories. However, such superb solid writers as Grace Lumpkin have shown us how realistic working-class stories can be written, so that even workers whom she writes about in the South, can read them without becoming disgusted with the gaudy sex descriptions.

Big Laurel, Va. DON WEST.

Poetry, Politics, etc.

I am glad you are publishing poetry. I enjoyed the poem in re Tom Mooney. It has the earmarks of real poetry.

I want to say that I will do all I can to further Communism. I am sick of the endless panaceas offered by the timid radicals who prate about force and ask the race to accept "indirection" which never gets anywhere.

Last year I supported Mr. Sinclair and his Epic. But since he has come out for Roosevelt I am through. I expect to vote the Communist ticket this year and influence my family to do it also. I certainly hope we get a Farmer-Labor Party and a united front.

CHARLOTTE DEBORDE BURGESS.

Fighting the Kramer Bill

Twenty authors, actors and directors in the motion picture industry today sent a telegram to Representative Chas. W. Kramer, asking him to withdraw his Sedition Bill, it was announced by the Los Angeles Committee to Defeat the Kramer Bill. This committee is headed by Judge Lester W. Roth, Superior Court Judge of Los Angeles County, and includes a non-partisan group of prominent citizens. Following is the list of names signed to the telegram:

Jean Arthur	Frederic March
Irving Berlin	Groucho Marx
Chas. Butterworth	Frank Morgan
Allan Campbell	Edwin Justin Mayer
Marc Connelly	Dudley Nichols
Florence Eldridge	Clifford Odets
John Ford	Dorothy Parker
Moss Hart	Samson Raphaelson
Oscar Hammerstein, II	Morris Ryskind
Nunnally Johnson	Viola Brothers Shore
Arthur Kober	Marian Spitzer

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Aside from two small advertisements appearing in the February Reserve Officer, the official organ of the reserve officers of the country, the only other one is that quoted above. The firm so solicitous about sparing our birds and animals is none other than Nemours. It pays for a whole page, so that reserve officers will not mistake the company's attitude towards the destruction of life (wild).

MIL LANDI.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Class Honors

WITH every year's naming of the current Pulitzer prize winners the need of a real academy, French style, an official representative of official bourgeois culture, becomes more apparent. As the recent NEW MASSES article "A French Course in Fascism" indicated, the reactionary bourgeoisie in France is entrenched in the Academy from which comes such intellectual support for fascism as exists. Everybody in France knows exactly whom and what the Academy represents, and what to expect in the books it "crowns."

The Pulitzer committee, made up of big shot paper publishers and the academic big shots selected by them for the sub-committees, lacks the necessary tradition and authority and therefore its position is ambiguous. It knows very well that the bigwigs and stuffed shirts of America expect it to produce respectable mediocrities; but it faces the nagging dissent of independent critics who, every year, have to explain afresh to the American public that the committee is bound to select mediocrities. Also, every year the radical press shows that the selections are made in a definite class interest. Anticipation of this dissent and criticism makes the Pulitzer committees uncertain and inconsistent, with the result that, now and again, as in the case of this year's drama selection, "Idiot's Delight," it makes a liberal gesture.

The committees have been having difficulties recently. There is a scarcity of talent among the reactionaries. In the cultural world the deserts are on the right, the fertile regions on the left. This has forced the committees into a close gleaning of the middle ground.

In the case of their prize novel *Honey in the Horn,* the author H. L. Davis possesses rich talents. He may even by a later and truer artistic use of his talent disqualify himself for further Pulitzer honors. His book is unusual for its unsentimental portrayal of a group—but a carefully selected group—of Oregon pioneers. Davis found it necessary to print a foreword disavowing any intent toward "social criticism" or "social reform." The disavowal is important as a confession that Mr. Davis was aware of social forces which he ignored in the book. THE NEW MASSES reviewer, James Hennessey, concluded his comments with:

> As you read of Clay Calvert moving so wildly over the turbulent land, retreating more and more deeply into the wilderness, you get an impression that he is not hiding from the police, but that the author is dodging an understanding of the class struggles of whose existence he is aware, avoiding the responsibility of making those "social criticisms" that automatically exempt one from winning a Harper Prize or the praise of H. L. Mencken.

The Pulitzer's committee's "best" biography was selected in its own tradition of size. Ralph Barton Perry's *The Thought and Character of William James* runs to 1,600 closely printed pages. It is a solemn eulogy. Its chief aim seems to be to reconcile James the empiricist and James the mystic, James being one of the most conspicuous split personalities in the realm of philosophy, and thereby to gain him on the side of the godly. H. W. Fairchild wrote in his NEW MASSES review:

> The truth of the matter is that James' religious, fideistic, voluntaristic leanings resulted from devoted study of his father's teaching. The elder James had been a theologian of the old school, insisting on the tragic essence of Christian hope and on death as a way of life. On the other hand, William James' empiricism was acquired in his constant attachment to the biological sciences and in his reading of Locke, Hume, Berkeley and Mill. These diverse streams—the religious and the scientific—never harmonized in him, though he wrestled with them all his life. The waste is the more pitiful since the two positions James struggled to reconcile are essentially contradictory. The nature of science is fundamentally at variance with unverifiable "certainties" about the supernatural. Any attempt to blend them produces a square circle instead of a rounded system. The philosophy of James remains the philosophy of a split personality.

In poetry the Pulitzer committee sank to its lowest depth. Robert P. Tristram Coffin's literary achievements, though they resulted in prolific production—he is the author of some twelve published volumes—had won him so little prestige that he makes no appearance in the not-over-discriminating literary who's who, *Authors Past and Present;* nor is his prize book on the shelves of the New York Public Library, proud of its more than a million volumes. But Mr. Coffin is a former Rhodes scholar, teaches at a university, is religious, has shown in his essays an infallible taste for the trivial, and has not stirred beyond seventeenth century England in his literary and historical interests. As a sample of his safeness and dullness we may quote the following which ranks among his better efforts:

> I have written that I found
> Pity in the thin, high sound
> Of a bullet on its way
> To make a midnight in the day
> Mercy in the lurking snare
> And angels in a woman's hair.

Professor Andrew Cunningham McLaughlin, whose book *The Constitutional History of the United States* was voted the "best" in history is semi-liberal. His opinions resolve into a justification of judicial power with the qualification that judges ought to be good men and not abuse that power.

The play choice, *Idiot's Delight,* by Robert Sherwood, is an anti-war play. It goes so far as to expose a munitions maker as a war maker. It retains, however, the weaknesses of what Professor Charles A. Beard has aptly termed the devil theory of war. A person rather than a class is identified as the war-maker; one man's lust for profits rather than the profit system is made the war cause. This may be a necessary simplification for dramatic purposes, but the symbol could have been clearer had the play derived from a stronger sense of class conflicts. Nevertheless it is a gain that an anti-war play has been honored. As one looks over this year's current theater production, it is clear that the committee's liberal gesture was involuntary. The plays with enough quality to make them eligible, were none of them very respectable. The Pulitzer committee made its own "lesser evil" choice. It is significant that of the several anti-war plays available for selection, *Idiot's Delight* was the one which made the least attempt to suggest any possibility of a way out.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

American Song, Revised

BREAK THE HEART'S ANGER, by Paul Engle. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.

AMERICAN SONG was the poetic traumatism of a boy crying for an ideal. *Break the Heart's Anger* begins with a passionate indictment of the dollar that has destroyed the dream, of the greed that has robbed and betrayed a land once beautiful. Engle humanizes and harangues his "cauliflower-eared" Chicago, riot-bruised San Francisco, jittery New York; takes Atlantic passage and, with the faith of a young Candide, goes traveling. "Hamlet-land" first: London, Oxford. It will be remembered that in a review of *American Song* Mr. J. Donald Adams of the N. Y. Times Book Review piously hoped that his protege's residence in "the ancient mellowness of Oxford" would "deepen his national consciousness." It has.

But instead of vacation-browsing under an Oxford elm, dreaming of the cornfields in Iowa, Paul Engle crosses the Channel and looks at Europe. Be it said to his credit that he knows what to look at in foreign parts these days: London's unemployed, "watching the curb for cigarette-butts" while the Jubilee goes on; Vienna, full of "women

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beggars with their empty eyes"; Germany, ruled "by bludgeon and the bloody knife." He apostrophizes Karl Marx, "who wrote of money, having none himself," and who had a good idea: that "every worker has the right to work." The Old World is just as doleful as America. Hence Engle (writing from Walchensee, Bavaria) takes a spiritual flight to Russia:

> Here, America, another land
> Boned like you with plunging space and blooded
> With the broad arteries of pounding rivers
> Beating with a swift current's pulse, has hurled
> Back its head with dark, half-Eastern eyes
> And flung into the clenched teeth of the world
> A new, a towering and a mighty song.

But here Engle's love of rhetoric, of emotional forensics, runs away with him. Instead of making a thoughtful, reasonable evaluation of the new life in Soviet Russia and the possible application of these values toward the deliverance of his own country, he blissfully creates (with little sense of historical accuracy) these generalized parallels: Russia and America, Lenin and Lincoln, Trotsky and Washington!

After some impassioned interludes at Notre Dame and Belleau Wood, the traveler returns, watering the "dry month" of Eliot's Gerontion with his tears:

> Yet who am I,
> A lone man bitter that his head is tired,
> His heart's old anger broken by his grief.

Because he has youth, vigor and certain honest potentialities as a poet, this reviewer would like to see him make a clean break from the romantic, I-suffer-for-my-country, adolescent attitude that has characterized too much American writing. Heart and head are not yet working harmoniously: Engle apparently still sees nothing inconsistent in such contradictory, social-angled passages as the following:

> The clear expression of the human thing
> In the social multitude, and in the lone
> Individual with his single way
> That is our self-created destiny,—
>
> Democracy, where individual man
> Has the inalienable right to starve
> To lose a job and never get it back.

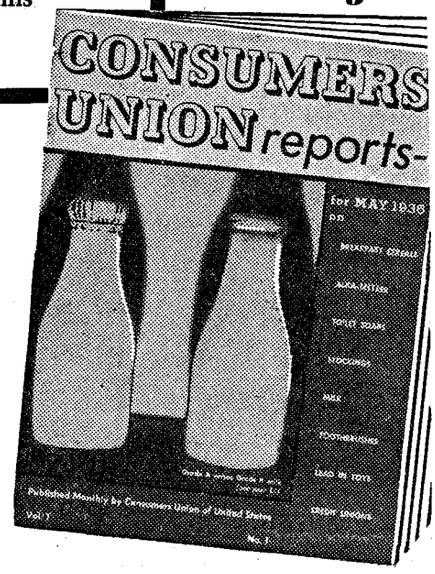
Fortunately, however, he is in a state of development as a poet. His emotional and mental patterns have not yet definitely crystallized. In order to work out of his present confusions, it is to be hoped that he will get a more accurate, detached view of the present in terms of the past; and that he will put behind him his over-fondness for bombastic, book-borrowed phrases and image-clichés. He should by all means do more in the line of the lyric passages that conclude each travel-section of the book. The following, from "Chicago," though some of its figures are derivative, indicates that here his thought is more concise, dynamic, specific; his emotion not emptily exhaled, but controlled and directed:

> Here was a town—
> Now a litter
> Of steel and rocks
> In a fertile field
> Where the cricket mocks
> The earth unhealed—
> That hung its men
> On a golden cross
> To double the yield
> Of watered stocks
> And cut the loss,
> That minted its men
> Into thin dimes
> And spent them wildly
> In what were then
> Madly and mildly
> Called "good times."

RUTH LECHLITNER.

IS THERE any difference between Grade A and Grade B milk—besides the price? IS the hosiery sold in Woolworth's and other low-priced chains worth buying? WHICH are the best-designed tooth brushes?

The first issue is ready!



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The New Deal Takes Stock

THE RAINBOW, by Donald R. Richberg. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.50.
$2500 A YEAR: From Scarcity to Abundance, by Mordecai Ezekiel. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
NATIONAL ECONOMIC SECURITY, by Arthur B. Adams. University of Oklahoma Press. $2.50.

SINCE the unemployed obstinately refuse to disappear, New Dealers are having to do a lot of explaining. They can't blame everything on the Supreme Court because the N.R.A. was admittedly a flop before the nine old gentlemen gave it the *coup de grâce* and the new A.A.A. is not different in principle from the old one. Three New Dealers have recently broken into print to take stock after three years and to present revised programs for the future.

Richberg's book *The Rainbow* is devoted largely to answering General Hugh Johnson's autobiography. The General did take some nasty cracks at his erstwhile associate, so it was perhaps inevitable that the latter, who it seems still nourishes political ambitions, should reply.

The author was known as a progressive when he drafted platforms for the Bull Moosers in 1912 and afterwards when he fought arbitration cases for railroad unions. He wrote in *Tents of the Mighty* of the futility of liberalism and the need for "industrial reorganization." However, with the New Deal he went completely Millerand.

As general counsel for the N.R.A. he was determined not to *force* business to do anything. He is far from apologizing for the fact that the steel barons were permitted to write into their code practically the same basing-point system which the Federal Trade Commission had condemned nine years before. He thinks it was an achievement to get them to write a code at all! In the battle of books the General has come out rather better. He at least thought there were limits beyond which business should not be allowed to go in "governing itself."

Richberg's book is not even good history. The account of the drafting of the National Recovery Act, through its studied disregard of the part played by the representatives of big business, is misleading in the extreme. Richberg is tremendously impressed with the difficulty of the task he had to perform. He says that the job of code-making would have been easier if before N.R.A. all industries had already possessed trade associations and we can perhaps follow him; but when he goes on to say that the job of code-making would have been easier if there had been no trade associations at all, we can only throw up our hands. Richberg says, in so many words, that the present system is fundamentally sound (shades of H.H.!). He is impatient with Communists. He thinks that Congress should define the area within which competing business men should be free to make "cooperative" agreements and leave them to do the rest. That is what the U. S. Chamber of Commerce has been asking for, these many years. On the crucial question of governmental price control Richberg is vague.

The second New-Dealer-with-a-New-Plan is Mordecai Ezekiel, economic adviser to the Secretary of Agriculture and once supposed to be a member of the Brain Trust. In his book *$2500 a Year,* he contends that the A.A.A. was a success and advocates extending the same system to industry. He certainly has the courage of his convictions; to defend plowing under cotton when people are short of clothes, and destroying food supplies when people are hungry, takes courage, of a kind. Ezekiel admits frankly that the A.A.A. left the southern sharecroppers out in the cold; he does not try to justify the form of cotton contract adopted, but describes it as a compromise which was necessary to interest the cotton planters in the A.A.A. This is the same line of reasoning that Richberg used with reference to the steel code. Ezekiel would have the government offer a program which business would find interesting; if business did not find it interesting, the government would try again.

Nobody will quarrel with Ezekiel's contention that the productive resources of the country make possible a minimum family income of $2,500 a year, enough for a decent living. He proposes an "Industrial Adjustment Act," under which the government would levy a production tax on all industry and offer contracts to all business men covering their production for the ensuing year—also their prices, wages, working conditions and anything else. Lest it should be thought that he has been inspired by the Soviets, Ezekiel calls his plan by the neutral name of "blueprint." But his "blueprint" is fundamentally unlike the Russian type of plan: it is all conceived in the name of private profit and the business men would be paid for planning. Those who accepted contracts would get benefit payments at the end of the year, to be financed out of the proceeds of the production tax and those benefit payments would enable them to compete with the "non-cooperating 'chiseler'" who had no contract and sold at his own price.

Since this proposal admittedly stands or falls with the success or otherwise of the A.A.A., it is remarkable that Mr. Ezekiel does not even suggest the answers to the following questions: Have not the high-cost agricultural producing units remained in production while many low-cost units were removed from production? Have not the large producers benefited more than the smaller (Mr. Thomas Campbell got $50,000 for not raising wheat on land rented from the Indians)? Must not the government take a heavy loss on the stocks it has acquired? Mr. Ezekiel apparently is not worried by the last problem. Not only would the building industry, under his plan, be frankly subsidized; other industries would get cheap government credit and as for raw materials: "If any surplus of raw materials were produced, the government would step in and take over the excess product." (p. 176.)

We might expect Mr. Ezekiel, as an economist, to know that pre-war Germany recognized in a number of industries cartels which enforced regulations not unlike those which he now proposes for the whole of American industry and that the result was not abundance but scarcity. We might expect him, as an economist, at least to tell us what he thinks causes crises, since there is nothing in his plan that would prevent future ones. We might expect him, as an economist, to realize that the stable price level which he proposes is a splendid means to encourage uneven distribution of wealth, over-saving and crises—(Adams, discussed below, sees this point plainly). We get a strong impression that Wallace's pal feels the ground slipping from under the A.A.A. and is whistling to keep up his courage.

Dean Arthur B. Adams of the University of Oklahoma Business School faces up to the question, Why crises? and in this sense he is more realistic than the "practical" men Richberg and Ezekiel. Unequal distribution of wealth must always cause crises: Adams is sure of it. He failed to perceive this fact in 1927, when he wrote, "There is no fundamental defect in the organization of the industrial system which would prevent business enterprises from being operated constantly at a profit." (*Profits, Progress and Prosperity,* published in 1927.)

As a friendly critic of the New Deal, Professor Adams favors measures which will equalize wealth without destroying the system. He would have the government reduce hours and raise wages, tax big fortunes and reduce interest rates on all loans. His argu-

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ment, however, runs into inconsistencies. Sometimes he writes as if he contemplated a system of laissez faire, albeit with restrictions. But he has argued that laissez faire brings crises. So he writes in other places (e.g. p. 169) as if the government would continue to limit profits and keep down interest rates, even in relatively good times—which is hardly laissez faire.

The chief value of the book is that it gives cogent reasons why a program of public works will not contribute toward permanent recovery. The weakness of the general program is the same as that of the program of the A.F. of L. which it so much resembles—a complete failure to face the problem of how the "redistribution of wealth" can be brought about.

Perhaps after Professor Adams had written six or seven more books he will have perceived that economic crises can be banished and unemployment wiped out only through mass action followed by social reorganization.

HORACE B. DAVIS.

Autopsy of Liberalism

THE STRANGE DEATH OF LIBERAL ENGLAND, by George Dangerfield. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $3.

IT IS one of the characteristics of liberalism that overconfidence in its pragmatic methods breeds indifference to historical perspective. Our liberals in politics like Mr. Borah and the LaFollette brothers are represented by such historical writing as Frederick Lewis Allen's in *Only Yesterday*. They prefer to drift amiably with the tide and are as confident as Tennyson that they will somehow get across the bar in safety. If Mr. Dangerfield's book is not widely read, it will not be that it deals with English politics before the War. It will be that Americans are not ready for an insidious undermining of their liberal illusions.

We like irony, but we want it to be pointless, not accumulating into a disturbing revelation. Or we prefer its play upon what is obviously dying and insignificant. We prefer Lytton to John Strachey. But if Dangerfield is less popular than the author of *Queen Victoria,* one feels it is not because the elder writer was more frugal and calculating in his innuendo but rather because he was content to attack Puritanism and pretense as only the characteristics of a personality. When Dangerfield makes a similar attack, he sees these moral defects as the necessary devices of a liberalism growing more and more reluctant to carry through its program. Not that the liberals of the period dominated, to all appearance, by Margot Asquith's husband, were conscious of their inconsistencies. The picture gains in dramatic value because they were the unwitting tools of the conservative minority. They were the shield behind which the conservatives advanced against the laboring class. Perhaps it is too much to expect their successors to enjoy the spectacle.

The conservatives—or Tories—under Bonar-Law lacked the moral grandeur of Gladstone and the grace of Disraeli. But they knew what they wanted; and they could always maneuver Mr. Asquith into getting it for them and shouldering the blame, because Mr. Asquith did not know that he wanted the same things. Mr. Asquith was in the liberal dilemma of believing in the extension of democracy, in the emancipation of women (as his marriage certainly proved) and surely in the welfare of the lower classes, but at the same time of not wanting to pay for these glorious reforms by being black-balled at a club or reduced in his standard of living. Such is the counterpoint of theory and action that provides Mr. Dangerfield his ironic tune.

The Liberal regime came to its apparent triumph in those days in 1910 of such dreadful memory to the Tories, when a budget increasing the taxes of the landed classes was introduced into Parliament. The Lords then made the mistake which they were never to repeat, of open opposition. But their frenzy was curbed by the threat of the appointment of liberal peers; they learned their lesson without having to plough through Pareto in the original Italian. It was the lesson which Mr. Baldwin has since illustrated to the point of genius, that one should govern by deceiving others instead of oneself. This great liberal success was therefore immediately undermined in devious ways and proved in reality the first serious liberal defeat in more than fifty years. When women's suffrage came to the fore, though the liberals welcomed it as little as the conservatives, they found themselves in the embarrassing and inefficient posture of proffering abstract sympathy with one hand while the other held an apparatus for forcible feeding.

With the suffrage movement, a sinister sub-plot enters Mr. Dangerfield's narrative. A minority of the suffragettes, led by Sylvia Pankhurst, were allied with the working class. These were at one and the same time the most effective advocates of the bill and those most odious to the liberals. But it was not until a series of strikes, culminating in the London Transport Workers' strike in 1912, that the dilemma of liberalism became grotesque. There were, it is true, grave defects in the strategy of the union men, which Mr. Dangerfield passes over rather lightly. The demoralization of economic life in London did not penetrate the Houses of Parliament, where the Laborites remained strangely submissive to liberal control. And even outside its walls, these poorer workers did not receive the unqualified support of the so-called aristocrats of labor in the better paid branches. But as far as the attitude of the government was concerned, Mr. Dangerfield makes the important observation that the liberals anticipated Mr. Roosevelt in his devotion to government boards of inquiry and arbitration. The Ed McGrady of the day was a certain Mr. Askwith, who was later knighted for his pains. This gentleman, whose name parodies the Premier's, gave any serious strike such prolonged attention that by the time his conferences were ended the workers had been starved into accepting a compromise which in the traditional language of liberalism was "just to all the interests concerned." Then when the situation was becoming impossibly tough for the liberals, with a rebellious divided Ireland on their hands, the Great War came and they swung into a greater appearance of power on the tide of patriotism and moral duty. Here to our regret the narrative ends. After Mr. Asquith only Lloyd George was possible, whom Mr. Dangerfield quite rightly believes a first-rate Paretan. The mantle of liberalism passed to a poet. It only remained for Rupert Brooke to symbolize the dissolution of the liberal tradition in the embrace of its most gigantic delusion.

One wishes Mr. Dangerfield might pass on in another volume to explore the career of that perfect Paretan, Mr. Baldwin. But Mr. Baldwin has not yet played his last card and we need Mr. Dangerfield at home. There can be little doubt that we see in him the emergence of one of the finest talents of our time for the writing of popular history. He has the command of trenchant English and the historical perspective needed to counteract the influence of James Truslow Adams and other American writers who are already popularizing shallow and dangerous interpretations of American history. And in the New Deal, which is deader than liberalism in these parts, he has a subject made to measure.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

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Soviet Medicine

A BASIS FOR THE THEORY OF MEDICINE, by A. D. Speransky. International Publishers. $4.

HERE we have Professor Speransky's experimental data obtained during the last decade, first in the laboratories of Pavlov and later in his own institute which was established in Leningrad and has recently been enlarged and moved to Moscow as part of the new Soviet Institute of Experimental Medicine. In addition the book attempts to find a basis for coordinating the known facts of medicine and for planning future experiments.

The experiments cover a wide field including physiology of the cerebro-spinal fluid, and, especially, his own experiments on pathological lesions of the cortex, the role of the nervous system in transmitting infection together with many clincal observations on the effect of his manipulations of the cerebro-spinal fluid in a number of infections ranging from diphtheria and tetanus to measles and typhus. Several new methods of operative technique are described.

The theoretical framework of the book rests upon the attack on standard and "worn-out" conceptions and phrases and on the dependence of medicine on other sciences such as physics and chemistry. The tone is in keeping with the revolutionary spirit of Soviet Russia—to build anew in the light of his own experiments and erect an all-embracing structure synthesizing medical data. The case for the interpretation of biology, physiology and pathology within the terms and data of their own research in preference to an application of more elemental physical and chemical laws, is ably argued.

Speransky is to be congratulated upon his energy, ingenuity and originality. Many conservatives will want to verify his experimental data, but there is much to be found of value in his suggestions and postulates.

As the book is written in a clear style, free from technicalities, it should be of value to clinicians and interested laymen, as well as theorists and specialists.

W. HORSLEY GANTT.

New Magazines

Fight. Last week's NEW MASSES contained an article which spoke of the developing popular journalism in the anti-reactionary field. Fight, magazine of the American League Against War and Fascism, deserves especial comment in this connection. It has adapted the slickest capitalist techniques in color presswork and make-up; it has called to its service noted writers, several of them stars of the big popular magazines. It has directed itself in its regular departments as well as in its features, to the broad public. But there is nowhere a levelling down in quality. The magazine has been more interesting without any sacrifice of content. Unlike the cynical capitalist magazines Fight respects its readers.

The South Today. This is the name of the publication of The League for Southern Labor. The South Today is issued in mimeograph form and aims soon to achieve the greater comfort of print, for which end it calls for the support of all who are interested in furthering the organization of Southern workers whose low living standard is not only a misery to them but a menace to the workers in the rest of the country. Apart, however, from this consideration the magazine registers a very high level. Its second issue is before us. It contains excellent first hand material. There is room here only to mention the highlights: Don West's account of the epidemic sweeping the Kentucky mine country, Harold Preece's story of Texas subsistence farmers, Elizabeth Lawson's "Southern History Retold," a remarkable piece of historical writing that is readable as well as scholarly; and the letters and poems by Southern workers.

New Writers. In the early Twenties the most vigorous stirring of literary life was in the Midwest. It produced writers like Sandburg, Bodenheim, Ben Hecht, Glenway Wescott; critics like Burton Rascoe. The group included a large proportion of the leading literary figures of the period. Most of them migrated to New York or Hollywood or the Exile Edens abroad and the Midwest has been rather quiet since then. Now, however, there is a fresh surge of activity. Impressive new talents have come up; midwest members of The League of American Writers are holding a regional conference shortly. A new magazine stirring in content and program is being issued from Detroit. It is called New Writers, but fortunately it does not make a literal interpretation of its name nor does it reserve its pages to midwest writers. It carries the work of well-known writers who have renewed their literary life in the revolutionary movement and who work in other regions. It is a living magazine.

I. S.

The Truth About
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See page 2

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Art

Artists Union Convention

THE black years of the crisis which began in 1929 brought nothing new for the artist except a more heightened and extended personal crisis that for him had been going on for many years. The artist in America had never been a respected member of society and no one had ever recognized him as a worker who had a right to make a living by means of his craft. This attitude was so widespread and had been in effect so long that even the artist himself thought that in order to paint he had to suffer and starve in an attic. Few indeed were the painters who could manage to eke out a living purely by their pictures or sculpture even in the days when higher and still higher rewards were the rule in almost every other professional group. More than a few artists after a struggle were forced into taking up some "sideline" in order to go on living and buy paints to work with in their spare hours.

The fortunate few who did manage to exist through the products of their art were affected almost immediately by the rapidly growing crisis, the people who bought their art had an all-too-insecure future staring them in the face to permit their indulging in luxuries least needed in their daily lives and the "sidelines" of the other artists were swept away along with the other millions of jobs that once existed. When the dispossessed workers throughout the country began to organize into Unemployment Councils fighting for relief and a measure of security a handful of artists in New York City organized their own group of unemployed. It included such a variety of artists from abstractionists to revolutionary realists that it soon became apparent that the organization was a bona fide trade union free from quarrels of various esthetic schools and brought together for strictly economic purposes. The militancy of that early group which has grown to a membership of over 1,500 artists today as the Artists Union, has set the pace which has since inspired their membership. Last week in New York delegates from the Eastern cities representing more than 2,000 artists came together for the purpose of forming a national organization to coordinate and plan programs for the protection and betterment of the artists' economic interests and the establishment of a permanent national art project.

At the open session at the Hotel New Yorker such various speakers as David Freed, secretary of the Musicians Union; Elmer Rice, playwright; Stuart Davis, Samuel Putnam, Francis J. Gorman, labor leader and Meyer Schapiro were applauded for reaffirming that the Artists Union was an organization whose aims must be the aims of all labor, that they must fight to retain the advances they have already won, to prevent the liquidation of the many art projects supported by Federal funds, to organize and fight in the political field with a party of the workers.

The mass meeting recommended to the convention the serious consideration of building a Farmer-Labor Party wherever there is a local and at closed sessions of the delegates on the following days the discussions centered around concrete economic and political proposals and recognized the great danger of the gathering attacks from reactionary forces, the danger that the weakening of the economic standards of the artists will lead to further attacks on the cultural standards of America.

The convention voted to boycott Hearst publications, the Olympic art exhibition, the Venice show in fascist Italy. The danger of war as a threat to art was recognized in a resolution calling for the membership to refuse aid in the production of war posters. Support of the Frazier-Lundeen Bill, the Marcantonio Bill and The Federal Art Bill was voted and a resolution adopted that the unions work for an immediate national wage scale of $103.40 monthly with an ultimate fight for a trade-union hourly wage of $2 for a minimum 15 hour week.

The artist in a few brief years has stepped out from his studio in a Greenwich Village attic into the trade-union hall and has found that the problems of wages, war, fascism and political action in a party with all other workers are the problems he must have the answer to in determining his own future. Artists can confidently feel that this first Eastern District convention, the Mid-West convention that will be held in Chicago May 22 to 24 and the National convention which will take place this fall are all steps leading to the ultimate emancipation of the arts and to making their enjoyment and use available to all.

RUSSELL T. LIMBACH.

Current Art

MIDWEST PAINTERS (*A.C.A. Gallery*). Refreshing fare from 23 young artists recording life in Missouri, Southern Illinois, Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, Tennessee and Texas.

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Dance Congress and Festival

WHEN some weeks ago the Organizing Committee sent out a call for a Congress and Festival of the American Dance a number of sceptics began to ask questions. Is such an undertaking really necessary? Can it accomplish any concrete results? Will all the time, energy and expense involved prove in the end profitable for the dancer as dancer? And may the dance audience soberly expect a fruitful result in terms of enriched interests and clearer objectives?

While the Congress itself (May 18 to 25) must provide the summary answer, there are some facts that demand consideration now, and not by dance professionals only but by anyone seriously interested in the American theater. It is rarely realized, for instance, that half of the people who perform today are dancers; and that this half, compared with the actors, is in a lamentable state of disorganization. Of the various dance organizations within this theater field—Burlesque Artists Association, Chorus Equity Association (affiliated with Actors Equity), Specialty Dancers (in the American Federation of Actors) and the Screen Dancers Guild—three have a solid base. But outside of the theater and film industries, for practical purposes, there are no adequate dance organizations.

The fact begins to assume significant proportions when one realizes there are somewhere between 20,000 to 25,000 dancers in this country, including (in addition to those employed by the theater and film industries) ballet dancers, concert performers, ballroom dancers and teachers. The Congress therefore faces the immediate necessity of organizing thousands of professionals who are totally without trade-union protection. How this problem will be solved it is of course impossible to prophesy. But there can be no doubt whatever that the necessity for organization has by this time become part of the thinking apparatus of every working person. Temperamental opposition to organization, once considered an inevitable ingredient of every artistic make-up, no longer operates to frustrate trade-union efforts. The actual problem of dancers, despite its obvious complexity, would seem to require nothing more than applied intelligence; and the roster of participants in the Congress should be ample assurance that the dance profession will be organized.

A second major undertaking—the study of cultural trends in the dance—accounts for one of the most interesting features of the entire project. With the assistance of leading professionals, the committee has prepared a cross-section of the dance as it exists in the United States today. Six full-length programs will be offered: two on the so-called "Modern" concert dance and one each on the Folk Dance, the Theater, the Ballet and an evening of demonstrations. These will provide a concrete basis for testing the so-called barriers which today rigidly divide one dance form from another. With these programs as laboratory exhibits, the delegates to the Congress will be able to create a more precise understanding of both the individual and multiple forms of their art. Potentially this phase of the program promises much for the future of the dance—for audience as well as performer, inasmuch as an extended symposium will deal in concrete terms with criticism as it relates to dancers and their audiences. There are other problems to be considered—of specific economic interest, the possibility of government subsidy, the need for some realistic division between amateur and professional—which become the necessary business of any congress of artists in the America of 1936.

People who are primarily spectators of the dance will naturally be most interested in the six cross-sectional programs, to be given on the evenings of May 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, detailed below. Some of the discussion periods, however, would appear to be hardly less stimulating and the Congress has sensibly opened these meetings to the public at a nominal admission charge.

Not many years ago it would have been fantastic to have attempted to organize dancers into such a Congress and Festival. Today it is a pure necessity—for dancers primarily, but to a real degree for audiences as well, since audiences today more than ever can be indispensable collaborators in the development of an art.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

Note: Congress headquarters are at 66 Fifth Ave. The Congress will take place at the Theresa Kaufmann Theater, 92nd Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City where tickets are on sale. Admission to the dance recitals: 50 cents to $1. Fifteen percent reduction to all members of the Congress. Membership fee. $1.

May 18 (*8 p. m.*)—Registration of delegates, opening session, election of committees.

May 18 (*9 p.m.*)—Program of Ballet dances: Arthur Mahoney, George Chaffee, Vladimir Valentinoff, Mona Montez, Lisa Parnova, Mme. Yakofleff.

May 19 (*8:45 p. m.*)—Program of Folk Dances: American, Bahaman, Polish, Ukranian, English, Swedish. Among the participants: Ralph Tefferteller, Margot Mayo, Zora Hurston, Motorboat, May Gadd, Olga Zadoratsky.

May 20 (*8:45 p. m.*)—Program of Modern Dances: first part; second part will be given May 23, Among the participants on both evenings: Charles Weidman, Hanya Holm, Benjamin Zemach, Tamiris, Anna Sokolow and groups; and Sophia Delza, Miriam Blecher, Lily Mehlman, Esther Junger, Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, Harry Losee, Jose Limon, Lillian Shapero, Fe Alf, Gluck Sandor, Felicia Sorel, Bill Matons.

May 21 (*8:45 p.m.*)—Experimental Dances, Demonstration Groups: Martha Hill and the N.Y.U. group, Edna Lilbach and the Brooklyn College group; Eugenie Schein and the Hunter College group; Rebel Arts; Dalcroze Institute, Anita Zahn and the Duncan Group, Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman and their groups.

May 23 (*1:30 p. m.*)—Dance in the Changing World: a symposium.

May 23 (*5 p. m.*)—Survey of Dance Organizations from the viewpoint of cultural interests.

May 23 (*8:45 p. m.*)—Balance of May 20 program.

May 24 (*10:30 a. m.*)—The Economic Status of the Dancer: a symposium.

May 24 (*2:30 p. m.*)—Dance and Criticism: Symposium. Joseph Freeman, the function of art in society; Louis Horst, criticism of the dance in the studio; John Martin, formal criticism in publications; Doris Humphrey, what the dancer expects of the critics.

May 24 (*8:45 p.m.*)—Theater and Variety Dances. Participants include Roger Pryor Dodge, Mura Dehn, Harriet Hoctor, Gertrude Hoffman Group; John Bovingdon, Avila and Nile, Kohana, Irene McBride, "Shorty" Snowden and the Lindy Hoppers.

May 25 (*8 p. m.*)—Final session; committee reports; concluding business of the Congress.

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Current Films

Show Boat (Universal-Music Hall): First as a musical drama; then a silent film, later part-talkie, and now a super-special all sound, all talkie, all starrie (including Paul Robeson). This so-called romantic story of the so-called romantic South is overwhelmingly stupid in treatment and embarrassing in its display of bad taste.

Under Two Flags (20th Century-Fox): This is an age of revivals. Theda Bara's famous film first produced in 1916 and later remade in 1922. The 1936 version is essentially the same. It still glorifies French and British imperialism against the Arabs; it still has those "breathtaking" desert scenes done in the standard manner of the Royal Photographic Society. It will attract only by its array of stars: Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen. It will be remembered as the film in which the famous actor J. Edward Bromberg uses all of his background and training to say four phony lines.

Absolute Quiet (M.G.M.), *The Law in Her Hands* (Warner Bros.), *Special Investigator* (R. K.O.), *Florida Special* (Paramount), *Big Brown Eyes* (Paramount): Believe it or not! this is only part of the current crop of gangster films, mediocre and bad in varying degrees. Evidently crime does pay.

Till We Meet Again (Paramount-Capitol): They're terribly in love, but the War interrupts them. He is a British spy and she a German spy. They meet in Germany and the flame of love interferes with their spying and the war. Naturally they escape; how did you think it would end?

The Passing of the Third Floor Back (Gaumont-British-55th Playhouse): Jerome K. Jerome's old warhorse about Christian morality vs. Devilish materialism. Creaky with musty "dramatic" values, it wastes the sensitive direction by Berthod Viertel.

Dancing Pirate (R.K.O.):—A lot of publicity was spent in trying to convince us that Technicolor would revolutionize the cinema with last year's *Becky Sharp*. All you need now is a peek at this new second-rate musical film (with an old-time California-with-senoritas background) in Technicolor to realize that that day is far, far away.

Desire (Paramount): An American engineer (Gary Cooper) on vacation in France falls for an alluring jewel thief (Marlene Dietrich, and very smart she is). Of course, she really didn't want to be a jewel thief, but her boss wouldn't let her welch. You don't think the hundred-per-center would leave a lady in distress. This may not sound very intriguing, but you'd be surprised what Frank Borzage, expert of sentimentality, supervised by the Hollywood sex (sophisticated style) authority, Ernst Lubitsch, can do to an innocent fairy tale.

The Moon's Our Home (Paramount): This is so idyllic, so full of charm, so cute that it hurts. When *will* they stop imitating *It Happened One Night?*

The Ex-Mrs. Bradford (R.K.O.-Radio): Although this is an attempt to do another *Thin Man* it is handled with such a sense of humor and ease that it proved the only enjoyable film this week. There is some skilful work by one of the more capable Hollywood directors, Stephen Roberts.

The Golden Arrow (Warner Bros.): If you still believe in Cinderella you'll fall for this.

The First Baby (Fox): A juvenile notion of what it's like to have your first baby.

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Between Ourselves

THE NEW MASSES is glad to announce that the winners have been chosen in the Subscription Cartoon contest. The First Prize of $1,000 goes to Carroll D. H. Norling, of Sioux City, Iowa, and the Second Prize of $250.00 to Mrs. Ilda Weiss, of Tucson, Arizona. There are fifty other prizes of $5.00 each.

The judges read carefully every entry in the contest. There were many interesting titles among those submitted. It was difficult, however, to find any one entry with three perfect titles that would satisfy the standards of the judges. They believe and trust, however, that they made the best possible selection under the circumstances.

MICHAEL GOLD,
GARDNER REA,
ROBERT FORSYTHE.

Contest Winners

First Prize: Carroll D. H. Norling, Box 31, Morningside Station, Sioux City, Iowa.

Titles: 1. Little man, you and I can go places; 2. And in the old days you could keep them quiet all winter with a ton of coal; 3. Can anybody tell me how to get back to my outfit?

Second Prize: Ilda Calkins Weiss, Box 190, Route 4, Tucson, Arizona.

Titles: 1. The Last Spark; 2. For crissakes, Joe, start the riot; I've called the waggon! 3. Mars-olini.

Checks have already been sent to Carroll Norling and Ilda Weiss as well as to the winners of the fifty $5 prizes, whose names will be announced next week in this column.

Michael Gold and Joseph Freeman are among the speakers who will participate in an "Editors and Authors Night" for the benefit of the Vermont Marble Workers. *Time*: May 14, 8 p. m. *Place*: New School for Social Research.

Battle Hymn, a play about John Brown by Michael Gold and Michael Blankfort, will open soon at the Experimental Theater. The Friends of THE NEW MASSES (New York) have taken the house for the night of June 3. Tickets are now on sale at THE NEW MASSES.

Among the contributors to this issue: W. Horsley Gantt is Director of the Conditional Reflex clinic at Johns Hopkins University; George Seldes is the author of several books, the most recent, *Sawdust Caesar;* John Stuart is the editor of Health and Hygiene; Francis J. Gorman is the first Vice-President of the United Textile Workers of America; Maria-Teresa Leon's story was translated by Alfred Hirsch.

Last week the poem "In Time of Hesitation" was incorrectly signed. The author is David Greenhood.

A general meeting of NEW MASSES subscribers and readers and members of the Friends of THE NEW MASSES will be held in Chicago, May 17, at 2:30 p. m. at Riccardo's restaurant, 437 N. Rush Street. Eugene Bechtold will speak on "The French Elections and the Middle Class." Everyone is welcome.

John Spivak's article "Here Is Your Jew," published on Jan. 14, 1936, has been dramatized by Kate Warriner. It will be presented on the evenings of May 16 and 17 by Elsa Findlay's "Drama Workshop and Professional Group," at the Y.M.H.A., 92nd Street and Lexington Avenue, New York.

Montreal readers may subscribe directly through the Central Distribution Agency, 1170 St. Catherine Street West.

Blood on the Moon, by Paul and Claire Sifton, both NEW MASSES contributors, will have its final performance at the Brooklyn Little Theater (126 St. Felix Street), on the evening of May 15. A few capacity audiences have attended this solid drama about Jews in Hitler Germany, in the course of its three-weeks run.

Arnold Reid will speak on "The New Stage in the Mexican Revolution" at the next meeting of the Friends of THE NEW MASSES on Wednesday, May 20 at 8:30 p. m. in studio 717A Steinway Hall, 113 West 57th Street. The meeting is open to all.

Congressman Marcantonio, David Alfaro Siqueiros, Harrison George and Joseph Brodsky will speak at the mass meeting to be held on the evening of May 14 by the Joint Committee for the Defense of the Brazilian People (Pythian Temple, 135 West 70th Street, New York).

Articles by Robert Forsythe—on the prize-fight racket; by A. B. Magil—on Roosevelt as "the gay reformer"; by Michael Gold—on John Brown, are scheduled for early publication in THE NEW MASSES. We have obtained permission from The London Times to reprint an important, extended essay on American literature of the Left, which recently appeared in its pages. The subject of this essay was the anthology *Proletarian Literature in the United States,* which is now in its third edition ($1).

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